

Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 21, 1977

ONE DOLLAR

HEADING FOR THE HEISMAN

Pitt's Tony Dorsett

The ColorTrak System. Could it be the best 25" color TV ever made?

(DIAGONAL)

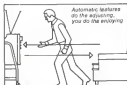
Over three years ago, RCA set about designing a new generation in color television.

The result was ColorTrak, a remarkable television system that actually grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it, and locks the color on track.

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Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent.

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A tinted-phosphor picture tube gives less reflection and a rich, vivid picture.

ColorTrak takes our light-absorbing black-matrix picture tube a step further by using specially tinted phosphors on the tube surface. The tinted phosphors absorb even more room light, so you get colors that appear more vivid and lifelike.

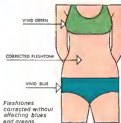
A Dynamic FleshTone Correction System produces rich, natural fleshtones right next to brilliant greens and blues.

Correcting varying fleshtones without affecting other colors has been a problem in color television technology. ColorTrak's Dynamic Flesh-



The Bordeaux. Beautiful Country French style in genuine pecan veneer and oak solids with simulated wood inlay. The top, a laminated composition in a handsome diamond pattern.

tone Correction System handles this problem, bringing varying fleshtones into the natural range while mini-



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The ColorTrak system is a finely balanced system of features that work together to give you the kind of picture performance you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

And because we want you to enjoy that beautiful ColorTrak picture for years to come, we've made ColorTrak the set most tested for reliability that RCA has ever produced.

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Don't purchase any other set until you see ColorTrak. And judge it for yourself.

RCA ColorTrak

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**NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL**

National Car Rental



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Next Week

THE JONES BOY, Quarterback Bert, has pitched the Colts to first place in the AFC East. The Jones man, Writer Robert F., visits his namesake in Baltimore to go duck hunting and chat about life as the new Untas

BY GEORGE, this time the intrepid Plimpton calls a line at Forest Hills and learns that a tennis official's lot is not a happy one. Indeed, they often head for their chairs as though being ordered out of the trenches

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The Accutrac 4000



BOOKTALK

by MARK DOMOVAN

A MAN WHO HAS BEEN TO THE TOP VIEWS THE CHILLING BEAUTY OF MOUNTAINS

A mountaineer, according to Chris Jones, is someone "not content to view the mountains from a distance, who is compelled up into them." Whether or not you feel the same compulsion, Jones' *Climbing in North America* (University of California Press, \$14.95) is exhilarating reading. The book is an exhaustive study of the history of climbing on this continent. Between the first recorded ascent of Pikes Peak in 1820 ("no more than rough hiking") and the best-publicized climb in recent years—Warren Harding's and Dean Coldwell's 27-day saga on the face of Yosemite's El Capitan in 1970—Jones introduces us to such friendly spots as Forbidden Peak, Retribution and Crack of Despair and the men who eventually conquered them.

An experienced climber, Jones has undertaken a massive research job, and the results are impressive. He tells of the early climbers who always claimed their peaks to be the highest on the continent and gave out greatly exaggerated estimates of their heights. (It wasn't until 1897 that Mt. McKinley, 29,320 feet, was firmly established as the tallest.) There are also accounts of all the important first ascents, followed by details of new routes, solo climbs, winter ascents and speed records.

Jones' style is as lean and hard as the men he describes. The book's spectacular black and white photographs underscore the frightening beauty that Jones often leaves to the imagination in his text. The mountain is depicted as a friendly adversary, simultaneously forbidding and inviting, and Jones speaks of a peak's "defenses" in tones of respect.

A fascinating debate between "free" and "aid" climbing weaves through the book. Just how much help in the way of pitons, bolts, extra ropes and adhesives is sporting? One climber asserts, "Supposing it was the regular thing... to use pitons on climbs, would it not be a sign of the degeneracy of man?"

The reader may well find himself wishing there was a glossary of mountaineering terms, a map of all the important peaks and a list of key ascents and their dates. But even without these aids, *Climbing in North America* is the definitive work on the subject. And it goes a long way toward explaining the strange, almost mystical emotions that send men scrambling toward the heavens. Jones quotes climber Al Nelson: "Danger must be met—indeed it must be used—to an extent beyond that incurred in normal life. That is one reason men climb; for only in response to challenge does man become his best."

END

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BHMC

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HERE COME THE...

40s



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a jubilant airman kisses U.S. soil.

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Put on your Willkie button...pull up your bobbysox...drop a nickel in the jukebox. And come back to the Forties!

No decade has ever produced more changes in the way Americans thought, felt and acted. The Forties began with rolled-up blue jeans, and ended with ankle-length skirts called "The New Look." They started with drive-in movies and finished with a magic box called television. They opened with Lend Lease and closed with the Iron Curtain.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

AUTHORIZED VERSION

This Sunday night at 9 p.m. (EST) NBC is showing *Gone with the Wind*, but if you prefer faster-paced action, switch to ABC for a thriller called *21 Hours at Munich*. This is the "dramatized true story of the Palestinian terrorists' attack on Israeli Olympic athletes in 1972," the Munich massacre in which 11 Israelis, five Arab terrorists and one German policeman were killed. It is every bit as bloody and entertaining as the current Dustin Hoffman-Laurence Olivier bit, *Marathon Man*.

Which may be the trouble. Although the sites of the tragedy—the Olympic Village and Munich's Fürstenfeldbruck airport—were used as sets and there are a few film clips of the actual Games, the movie is just that: a movie, not a documentary. William Holden plays Munich Police Chief Manfred Schreiber ("Listen, you animal," he tells the terrorist leader, "we aren't going to do anything for you unless we see every single hostage alive"). Richard Basehart is West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. Anthony Quayle plays General Zvi Zamir, the Israeli security official.

The biggest role belongs to Italian actor Franco Nero, who plays the Arab terrorist leader, Issa. Nero, wearing an immaculate white hat and a well-cut beige suit, has several scenes with handsome blonde Shirley Knight, a glamorized version of Annaliese Gräs of the Olympic Security Service, who acted as an intermediary between the Arab leader and the authorities. Nero plays his part with great skill, to the point that he even manages to arouse sympathy for his plight. When one of his fellow terrorists dies by his side and it is obvious that the 727 at Fürstenfeldbruck is not going to take off, a closeup shows Nero's blue eyes filled with tears. He has failed. He kills the nine manacled hostages in the two helicopters and is killed himself. It may be as perverse as life itself, but it is effective theater. Nero's Issa is a victim, too, betrayed

by the German police and his own twisted ideals.

But how can the total reality of what happened at Munich be used this way? As reporting, the film fails: on the screen the Israelis are only victims, pitiable but one-dimensional. Their tragedy does not come across, and the "re-creation" fails to deliver the full impact of one of the most hideous crimes committed since World War II.

1984 AND ALL THAT

Los Angeles is beginning to receive hints from Olympic authorities that it ought to bid for the 1984 Games, the implication being that the International Olympic Committee would look favorably on such a bid. This is contrary to the way it was in the 1950s and 1960s when the U.S. Olympic Committee seemed always to pick Detroit—a curious choice—to be the American city proffering a bid to the IOC. Not until it came time to choose a site for the 1976 Games did Los Angeles become the American entry, and then the IOC passed up L.A.—in our Bicentennial Year—to select Montreal. As if to placate the U.S., it turned around and picked Denver for the 1976 Winter Games instead of Canada's Banff, a far more logical site. Denver folded a year or two later (the IOC had to make a hurried switch to Innsbruck) and Montreal nearly folded. Los Angeles made a strong bid for the 1980 Games, too, but the IOC chose Moscow instead.

Now the Olympic people seem to want Los Angeles, and both Philip Krumm, retiring president of the USOC, and Julian Roosevelt of the USOC, an IOC member, have gone on record urging that city to bid. To no one's surprise, the California metropolis has not reacted by jumping up and down and clapping its hands. Even though it has distinct advantages as an Olympic site—many existing facilities, including some built for the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics, a huge sports-minded population, excellent

weather—the memory of Montreal's troubles is strong. Councilman Arthur Snyder says, "Unless we can be sure that public expenditures would be offset by increases in employment and income from tourists, we shouldn't get involved."

Even those in favor of the Games are cautious. Councilman Marvin Braude says, "I'm skeptical ... but if it can be clearly demonstrated that the city would benefit without cost to the taxpayer, I'd be supportive." And Councilwoman Peggy Stevenson warns, "I'd strongly support the bid ... if the IOC is prepared to conduct the Games in a Spartan atmosphere."

RED SALES IN THE SUNSET

Even though Nebraska's unbeaten season went down the drain when it was upset by Missouri, thousands of Cornhusker fans are still planning to take part in an extraordinary mass migration later this autumn to see their beloved Big Red



team play a game nearly 4,000 miles from home. Nebraska meets the University of Hawaii in Honolulu on Saturday, Dec. 4. In the week or so before the game more than 16,000 Nebraskans—requests for tickets originally topped 20,000—will fly to Oahu for the fun, as well as to take in a few palm trees and a beach or two to remember through the long cold Nebraska winter.

Travel agents in Lincoln, Omaha and elsewhere have been busy for months selling tour packages at prices ranging

continued

from \$624 to more than \$1,000. Flights of 747s and DC-8s will stream in and out of Nebraska to take part in the massive airlift. Travel agents claim the 16,000 fans going to Hawaii will be the greatest number ever to travel so far to see a sporting event, and they add that the total amount of money football-loving Nebraskans expect to spend on the trip will be close to \$10 million.

HUMBLE TEXAS

Mike Mosley of Humble High School in Texas gained 320 yards in 12 carries and scored four touchdowns in the first half of Humble's 48-0 rout of New Caney High. Then, although young Mosley had a clear shot at breaking the Texas high school record of 520 yards rushing in one game, his coach kept him on the bench the entire second half. His coach also happens to be his father, Sam Mosley.

"It was the greatest performance I've seen by one player in my 18 years of coaching," Sam said later. "Mike was running that outside veer and just using his speed. But I also knew how that coach sitting on the other bench felt. I had to be merciful."

SPORT OF QUEENS

A bunch of students at Queens College in New York City, discovering they had a common interest in horses, racetracks and betting, decided to pool their beer money and form their own stable. In the spring of 1975 a friend put them in touch with Owner-Trainer E. Barry Ryan, who had a 4-year-old gelding named Mycerinus kicking around his stable. He sold 30% of the horse to the students for \$6,000 and raced Mycerinus in the name of the collegians' Que-Cee Stable seven times that summer. The gelding won once, earned \$8,890 and provided his student owners with more than enough material for a "What I Did on My Summer Vacation" assignment. However, after his seventh race Mycerinus was claimed, which happens when you run horses in claiming races.

A search was started for another horse, and again Ryan found one: a 3-year-old Graustark colt named Snowy Tiger. There were smiles when the student-owners voted to give 1% of their horse's winnings to their college—Snowy Tiger finished out of the money in his first three races for Que-Cee—but it was not as unphilanthropic a gesture as it appeared to

be. Queens College was in a budgetary bind (President Joseph Murphy even considered putting his house up for sale to raise money) and the students' announcement helped call attention to the school's financial plight.

Snowy Tiger must have heard. He finished 2nd, 1st and 4th in his next three races before he, too, was claimed, and earned \$6,790. The students' next horse, Lea's King, won only \$840 before he was claimed, but their current representative, a 2-year-old gelding named Garden Inspector, also bought in partnership with Ryan, had earned \$5,940 as of last week.

All in all, the Que-Cee Stable has made \$33,000 in purses and claiming fees and spent nearly that much to buy and maintain its horses (it costs roughly \$30 a day to maintain a thoroughbred in the style to which it is accustomed). Queens College has gained a little money and a lot of publicity. And the students have had a chance to weigh the validity of the old Greek proverb that says it is better to have bet and won than to take 5% for your money.

AT SIXES AND FIVES

One of the more interesting legal battles now involving sport is a suit brought against the Tennessee Secondary School Athletic Association by 15-year-old Victoria Ann Cape, a 5' 10" basketball player, and her father, James Cape. No, Victoria is not trying to get the TSSAA to let her play on a boys' team or to keep a boy from playing on a girls' team. What she objects to is six-person basketball, the old-fashioned version of girls' basketball authorized in Tennessee's high schools.

Women's basketball in American colleges, in AAU competition and in the Olympic Games is now five to a side, like the men's game, and Tennessee is one of half a dozen states that retain the six-person game. It is a static form of basketball, in which the players are confined to offensive and defensive zones. Practically speaking, only the three players on each team assigned to offensive zones can shoot at the basket.

In federal court in Knoxville, Victoria argued that the six-person game limited her opportunities to develop her basketball skills and, by extension, her chances of winning an athletic scholarship to college. Witnesses defending the TSSAA position said six-person basketball was a

perfectly good game. The Capes said if it was, why not change the boys' rules and let them play six to a side? Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor said last week that he would review the testimony before rendering a decision.

OBSTACLE COURSE

From goal line to goal line the football field at West Jefferson Junior High in Conifer, Colo., looks pretty much like other football fields: 100 yards long, 160 feet wide, lots of white lines at regular intervals, and so on. But beyond the goal lines the West Jefferson field takes on unique characteristics. The crossbar between the goalposts at the north end of the field is only 5½ feet above the ground. The rules say it should be 10 feet high. The thing is, West Jefferson's field slopes sharply uphill past the goal line, and standard goalposts stuck in the ground on the hill would put the crossbar at a distressingly high altitude for aspiring placekickers. So math teacher Rod Butler and some of his students took a transit level and figured out the proper height the crossbar should be in relation to the flat part of the playing field. The little squatty "H" is the result, and it works fine—the only worry being that an overambitious wide receiver zooming up the hill on a post pattern may find himself clotheslined by the crossbar.

The south end of the field is level. All a wide receiver has to worry about there are the rocks and trees in a patch of woods in front of the goalposts.

THEY SAID IT

• Billy Martin, off-fired New York Yankee manager. "I'm a one-year manager only if the front office interferes with my running the ball club. If it leaves me alone, I'm a 20-year manager."

• Lynn Swann, Pittsburgh Steeler wide receiver, on how injuries have hampered his effectiveness this season: "I'm a mere shadow of my statistics."

• M. L. Carr, Detroit Piston forward. "Now that I'm in Detroit I'd like to change my name from M. L. Carr to Abdul-Automobile."

• Reggie Williams, Cincinnati Bengal linebacker, on his greatest assets: "Speed, strength and the inability to recognize pain immediately."

• Don Larsen, asked if he ever tires of talking about his perfect World Series game: "No, why should I?"

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MY, HOW HE DOES



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

RUN ON

Since 1973 Pitt's Tony Dorsett has gone to great lengths with the football, and when he went 241 yards against Syracuse he became the alltime college rushing leader
by Myron Cope

continued



Dorsett has a nice round figure in mind: 6,000

RUNNING ON *continued*

Two weeks ago Pittsburgh's Tony Dorsett tore through and around Navy's defenses for the 180 yards that established him as the most prolific runner in the history of major-college football. Down in the visitors' locker room after that game, Dorsett listened thoughtfully as Bill Hillgrove of Pittsburgh's WTAE concluded his radio interview. "In my estimation," Hillgrove declared, "you are the greatest back to ever play the game."

"Well," said Tony, "my stats prove it."

Lovers of humility may have bristled, but Tony was not yet through. Hustled before the press, he proclaimed that his career rushing yardage—then 5,206, or 29 yards more than Archie Griffin had accumulated at Ohio State en route to a couple of Heisman Trophies—hardly quenched his thirst. He would feel fulfilled, he said, if he could push the record so high that he could safely assume nobody would break it until after the world had scattered dirt on his grave. About 6,000 yards would be nice, he suggested. That figure would require him to average a stunning 198.5 yards in his four remaining regular-season games. Still, he considered the goal realistic.

Alas, such declarations stamp Dorsett in the minds of many as a smart aleck while the fact is that ordinarily he is a young man of proper reserve, greatly beloved by his teammates, who, as he bore in on Griffin's record at Annapolis, ranged the sideline chorusing, "Go, Hawk, go!" What Pitt Coach Johnny Majors turned loose three years ago is a muscular but lithe Panther—a dark, dimpled, handsome figure up from 157 pounds as

a freshman to 185 pounds of speed and surprising inside power, who fits the words once spoken by Penn State's Joe Paterno as he gazed upon a tight end named Ted Kwalick. "What God had in mind there," said Paterno, "was a football player." If so, God was twice as earnest about the superbly equipped Dorsett. But why a goal of 6,000?

"It's just because I love the game," he answers, without affectation. "It's been a major part of my life, and every time I do something that a lot of people recognize, I'm going to take pride in it. And no matter how long or how much I've been into this game, I'll take pride in every record I set. I wanted to be known as No. 1, and I want to be known as that as long as I live."

Having achieved the first half of that parlay, Dorsett next would pit himself against Syracuse, an opponent that promised to challenge him not nearly as much as the intervening six days that lay ahead. Sunday morning Pitt publicist Dean Bullick awoke to a telephone that refused to quit. Everybody wanted Dorsett for something. Uncomplaining, he plunged

into the whirlwind, having long since been schooled by Majors in a manner antithetical to John Wooden's sheltering of Lew Alcindor. "Great athletes," argues Majors, "are able to meet the challenges. I put confidence in Tony, hoping he'll say in public what he believes and hoping he won't paint himself into a corner. And he hasn't." Dorsett, although once so painfully shy that he had to be dissuaded by his mother and coaches from quitting college his freshman season, exchanged chitchat with President Ford, gave him a Pitt tearaway jersey and moderately concluded, "He seemed to be a nice person." By Thursday evening, having inched his way through the traffic thrown up by NBC Television, Mutual Radio Network, a couple of national magazines and both major wire services, Dorsett arrived for a guest appearance on a call-in radio show that was not lacking in cynics and/or archival Penn State fans.

Caller: I'd like to ask Tony if he's going to graduate this year. Also, I'd like to ask what percentage of seniors on the team are going to graduate.



Tony went out brutally with an injured elbow, getting pummeled when he didn't even have the ball

Dorsett (calmly crushing caller's anti-jocko hopes): I am going to graduate this year. I won't graduate in April—I think I'll be three hours short. So I will take an independent study course, and I'll graduate in June. I'm really not sure about what percent of our seniors will graduate, but our academic adviser, Alan Beals, has put a lot of effort into that, and he's hoping and looking for 100% graduation.

On Friday, Tony checked into a suburban hotel along with his undefeated, second-ranked teammates, while at a hotel across town the Syracuse squad arrived with a hitherto undistinguished quarterback named William J. Hurley Jr.

The next afternoon, elusive and swift of foot, Hurley ran so deftly it seemed the surest way to stop him would be to grab the yellow hair that flowed from his helmet down his shoulders. Throwing on the dead run, the Syracuse quarterback drilled bull's-eye passes short and long. He accumulated 315 yards passing and rushing, a Syracuse record. His only serious mistake was to include his running backs in the game: one of them fumbled away the ball at the Pitt seven-yard line in the first quarter and another fumbled at the Pitt three in the second.

Meanwhile, what of Dorsett? As the game began, it became clear that Syracuse Coach Frank Maloney had decided to spare no men putting Tony under house arrest. On one play Dorsett was dropped even though he did not have the ball. On the next, as he drifted out for a flare pass, he was seized by the shoulders and pinned in his tracks, helpless, while the ball floated beyond him. And on the next, a reverse, as he handed the ball to his flanker, he was dealt a smash that sent him to the bench with a jammed elbow. Dorsett finished the first quarter with minus-five yards and his team trailing 7-3. "A dooflight," Tony called the game. Those 6,000 yards must have seemed far, far away.

"No. 33 turned it on when we needed it," Majors was to say later, and Pitt needed it throughout the rest of the game. On his first carry in the second quarter Dorsett zipped around left end from the Pitt 18 to the Syracuse 49. Six plays later he went 15 and then, with the ball on the Syracuse one, he dived over the middle for a touchdown. At halftime Pitt had a 10-7 lead and Dorsett had rushed for 78 yards.

At the start of the second half it was

Dorsett, Dorsett, Dorsett for four, four and 15 yards, the last run giving him the alltime rushing record, surpassing the 5,297 of Howard Stevens, who played two years for Randolph-Macon, a small school, and two for Louisville. But on the fourth play of the half, Pitt tried Tom Yewcic, who fumbled, Syracuse recovering. When the pesky Hurley bolted up the middle for 18 yards, the Orangemen were in field-goal range, and Dave Jacobs tied the game at 10-10 with a 45-yard kick. A few minutes later Syracuse got a 55-yarder from Jacobs to move ahead 13-10.

Enough. Taking the kickoff, the Panthers marched slowly but steadily into Syracuse territory, helped by a holding penalty. Then, with a first down on the 33, there came a play that can be called Definitive Dorsett. Sweeping to his left, he took a pitch-back deep enough to permit him to have gathered all his speed as the ball met his fingers. Mind you, a dozen pro scouts—"the slowest clocks in the world," those skeptical scouts are called—had timed him in the spring in an incredibly unanimous 4.35 in the 40-yard dash. Now, he flew outside the end and linebacker as if they had been paralyzed. A safetyman angled toward him from the middle of the field. But Dorsett, whose open-field cuts often are executed so abruptly they tend to escape the naked eye, sharply swung right, almost directly into the safetyman's course, assuming the safetyman would shoot by him. Surely an instinctive reaction by Dorsett? Apparently not.

"I really know exactly what I'm doing," Dorsett said later in the locker room. "I can see every move around me and remember them later. Today, I sort of set up that safetyman. He was coming across, and I knew if I gave him a little cut he'd get only a hand on me and I knew a hand tackle wouldn't bring me down. If he'd have stopped on a dime, he'd have scared me to death."

Pitt was back in the lead, this time for good, but Syracuse and Hurley did have one last scare to throw at the Panthers. After a field goal by Carson Long had made it 20-13 Pittsburgh, Hurley engineered a march midway through the final period that gave Syracuse a third and one on the Pitt 11. From there Hurley handed off to James Sessler, his fullback. Nothing. On fourth down it was Sessler again. And again nothing.



Hurley's heroics kept the Orangemen in the fray

Saved by its defense, Pitt gave the ball to Dorsett three straight times—four yards, 28 yards, 33 yards. That set up one more Carson Long field goal to ice the game 23-13.

After it was over, having difficulty straightening his left elbow, squinting through a right eye that was half shut and bloodshot, limping slightly from a helmet blow to his right thigh, Dorsett nonetheless cheerfully accommodated a swarm of reporters. And why not? He had rushed for 241 yards, giving him 5,447 for his career, more than three miles. More than that, he had all but locked up the 1976 Heisman Trophy as for the second week in a row USC's injury-hobbled Ricky Bell, his chief rival, was held to less than 100 yards. In his next three games Dorsett would be doing his running against Army, West Virginia and Penn State, and to reach his goal of 6,000 yards, he would need only 185 a game. For Tony Dorsett, that's a mere jog.

IT WAS NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

Rapped for his anti-Bobby Orr diatribe, Denis Potvin didn't keep a diary as the first-place New York Islanders spent a very frustrating week by Peter Gammons

But Al," the man with the tape recorder pleaded last Saturday night. The bespectacled coach of the New York Islanders ignored him, intent upon providing a grim analysis of his team's troubles: an inefficient power play, an uncoordinated first line, stupid penalties, breakdowns in the system, too many joyriders, too much controversy. "But Al," the man persisted, "you're in first place, you still lead Philadelphia, you're 7-2-2 and you've got the best goals-against record in the NHL." Al Arbour nodded his head. "Big deal," he said. "We're still not playing the way we should."

And sure enough, faced with critical early-season tests against Montreal and Philadelphia last week, the five-year-old Islanders played too often like the expansion originals who once brought added meaning to the word hapless. As a consequence, they emerged from their scuffles against the big boys with a 4-1 loss to the Canadiens and a lucky 3-3 tie with the Flyers. The Islanders trailed Philadelphia 3-1 midway through the third period Saturday night, and they were playing so ineptly that the capacity home crowd of 14,865 at the Nassau Coliseum repeatedly serenaded them with chorus after chorus of boos—an unfamiliar sound to the ears of the young Islanders. J. P. Parise silenced some of the noisemakers when he took Denis Potvin's pass behind the Flyers' defense, broke in against Goaltender Bernie Parent and slipped a backhand into the net to make the score 3-2. Then Jude Drouin converted the remaining boo birds when he beat Parent through a screen for the tying goal with 3:41 to play.

Although the Islanders maintained their two-point lead over the Flyers in the Patrick Division, there was little joy on Long Island, nor had there been any all week.

The Islanders' troubles began as they flew into Montreal for Monday night's

match against the Canadiens. Potvin, the 23-year-old defenseman who is a rarity among hockey players in that he speaks in polysyllables, enjoys art and the theater and does not limit his reading to centerfolds, had kept a diary of the recent Canada Cup tournament for *The Canadian*, a newspaper supplement that had hit the newsstands that weekend.

As always, Potvin freely spoke his piece. In the diary, entitled "The Canid Cup," Potvin particularly questioned the selection of Bobby Orr as the MVP

in Canada's victories over the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. "Once, yes, he did deserve it once," wrote Potvin, referring to Orr's performance in an earlier game against the U.S., "but I don't think he was deserving of the award twice and certainly not three times. I think it's political, and I think it's unjust. The question I'd like answered is this: Is Bobby Orr only going to have to play to be known as the best defenseman—or is he going to have to prove it?"

It has always rankled Potvin, who won the Norris Trophy as the NHL's best defenseman last season, that he has been compared to Orr. In fact, they are quite different both on and off the ice. The healthy Orr was swift and flashy, Potvin is plodding and methodical. Orr has always been shy and retiring, Potvin aggressive and ebullient. What Alan Eagleson says and does for Bobby Orr, Denis Potvin says and does for Denis Potvin.

The Potvin Papers created the type of stir that Jimmy Carter prompted with his

Displaying textbook defense, Potvin moves between Flyer Bob Kelly and Goaltender Chico Resch.



interview in *Playboy*. "We didn't like reading what Denis had to say one bit," said one Islander. "Nothing was said to him, but Denis knew how we all felt." Or as Defenseman Gerry Hart noted, "We've learned to shake our heads at some things that Denis says. If he gets too pompous, we knock him right down." One respected Montreal hockey columnist blistered Potvin in print, calling him, among other things, an egomaniac, petty and an insufferable crybaby.

Potvin was stung by this reaction. "Maybe my wording was wrong," he said. "Maybe I should have elaborated more, like saying there were six or seven players—Rogie Vachon or Serge Savard or Gilbert Perreault, to name three—who deserved the MVP after the Soviet and Czech games as much as I did, or more than Orr. Listen, other guys, I'm sure, agreed with what I wrote. I'm sorry, but you can't go on being pro-everything all your life. It's not human nature."

Predictably, the crowd in Montreal

booded the announcement of Potvin's name as an Islanders starter. And while that same crowd almost automatically cheers noisily whenever a French-Canadian—playing for the Canadiens or the opposition—scores a goal in the Forum, Potvin received little applause when he made a neat move and beat Goaltender Ken Dryden to give the Islanders a 1-0 lead. Mario Tremblay tied the score for the Canadiens, and just when it appeared that both teams were finding their styles, the game virtually ended.

The Islanders were shorthanded, and the 5'9" Hart was battling 6'5" Peter Mahovlich for the puck. Their sticks came up and Mahovlich suddenly doubled over, his hands covering his face. Play stopped. Hart offered his consolation to Mahovlich, then the Montreal player skated to the bench and walked to the dressing room for repairs. Referee Wally Harris had watched the Hart-Mahovlich struggle from close range but did not signal a penalty. When Mahovlich left the ice, though, the referee gave Hart two minutes for slashing. Then, in a replay of the old Nippy Jones shoe polish scene from the 1957 World Series, Harris called Mahovlich from the dressing room, noticed there was a bit of blood on his nose and changed Hart's sentence to a five-minute major. "The old ketchup truck," someone joked.

Hart called Harris a coward, and Arbour stood on the dasher at the Islanders' bench and gave the referee the choke sign. Mahovlich immediately returned to the ice, but while Hart was in the penalty box, Montreal capitalized on its power play for two goals and in the end won the game 4-1.

Potvin was one of the few Islanders who produced a strong effort and was named the game's No. 3 star. However, a Montreal newspaperman reported the next day that one of the Canadiens' goals had deflected into the net off Denis Potvin's inflated ego.

Three nights later the Islanders handily beat St. Louis 5-2, helping ease some of Potvin's woes, but Arbour's problems were still pressing as the Islanders prepared to play the Flyers. For one thing, the Islanders' power play, the best in the NHL with 92 goals a year ago, had disappeared or disintegrated; in fact, their penalty killers had scored almost as many goals (six) as the power players (seven). For another, New York's top line of Cen-



Clarke scored a goal, but also took a prefall

ter Bryan Trottier and Wings Clark Gillies and Billy Harris was making more blunders per shift than it used to make per month. Trottier, last season's Rookie of the Year with a record 95 points, seemed to be regaining his style after missing several games with a knee injury. Gillies, though, was trying to play like a smooth Guy Lafleur, not a 6'3", 220-pound body bender, and Harris was alternately hesitant and overanxious as he floated around the ice.

The Trottier line faded poorly against the Flyers. So did the Islanders' defense. Bob Kelly put the Flyers ahead 1-0 when he deflected Jim Watson's shot past Glenn (Chico) Resch after the Islander defensemen twice failed to clear the puck out of the zone. Hart helped to get that goal back when he sent Bob Nystrom in alone on Parent for the tying score, but another mix-up among the Islanders in front of Resch led to Bobby Clarke's freebie goal for a 2-1 Philadelphia lead. Then Resch gave up a soft goal to Mel Bridgman as the Flyers took a 3-1 lead.

Parent, meanwhile, was frustrating the Islanders with his agile leg movements and quick glove. Stidelined almost all of last season because of a neck injury, he now seems to have regained the stinginess that helped carry Philadelphia to Stanley Cups in 1974 and 1975. But he had little chance to stop the two shots by Parise and Drouin, the latter on the long-lost power play, that finally produced the 3-3 tie for the Islanders, and silenced their critics, at least for now. Parent probably prevented a New York victory when he came out of his net in the closing moments and fielded a loose puck just as Eddie Westfall of the Islanders was ready to poke it past him.

No buts about it, Al.

END



NEW GUARD FOR THE OLD GUARD

Gunner Gail Goodrich has joined gunner Pats Maravich in the New Orleans backcourt and the two of them have been racking up Jazzy statistics in the early going. Their coach, however, dreams of getting everyone into the act **by Jerry Kirshenbaum**

Measured solely by the number of certified stars in the lineup, the New Orleans Jazz ought to be twice as good this season as last. Until recently, the club's only true headliner was Pistol Pete Maravich and, indeed, Maravich continues to stir up all kinds of excitement in the Louisiana Superdome, arching jump shots from the outer limits, wriggling through packs of opponents and flashing his famed behind-the-back maneuvers. At 28, Maravich is thus poking up from last season, when he made the All-NBA first team for the first time in his six years

as a pro. "When I'm on, nobody can stop me," he says with commendable honesty. "I can do anything on the court I want."

But now in the invigorating early weeks of the new season, the leader of the Jazz ensemble has a new sideman in Gail Goodrich, the clever little guard who spent most of his previous 11 years in the NBA with the Los Angeles Lakers. Second in career scoring to John Havlicek among active NBA players, Goodrich joined the Jazz as a free agent in August after playing out his option. At 33, he works tenaciously to get open,

keeps finding new ways of outwitting opposing guards and hits his left-handed 15-footers with his accustomed accuracy. "I can shoot the basketball," says Goodrich, also an honest man. "I'm what you call a scorer."

The pairing of 'Vach and 'Rich does not in itself guarantee success for the Jazz, even though after their first four games they were the highest-scoring backcourt in the league, averaging 48 points per game. Guard-oriented clubs seldom win big in the NBA and, despite the fact that New Orleans got off to a 3-1 start, the club does not seem to be much better than last season, when the maturing Maravich led his faceless but game teammates from lowly expansion-ness to something like respectability. The Jazz backcourt may be one of the league's genuine adornments this time around but New Orleans still lacks the rebounding, steady defense and scoring from the front line to gain a playoff berth. The club sought to help that situation by buying Forward Sidney Wicks from Portland during the off-season but had to scrub the deal when Wicks declined to move to New Orleans. Boston wound up with Wicks and the Jazz got nothing.

Goodrich had been signed earlier by the New Orleans front office with the blessing of Coach Burch van Brede Kolff, who had him for a while during his two-year stint as Laker coach in the late '60s. Van Brede Kolff thinks Goodrich wears his years well, just as he himself does. Now in his fifth pro coaching post, the Jazz boss has a foghorn for a voice, shows up for games in what might be called casual clothes and enjoys the kind of stamina he demonstrated during a nine-hour pub crawl the other day to commemorate his 54th birthday. It was a celebration broken only occasionally by talk of basketball.

"I'd like to think we've got a balanced attack," he said during one such interlude, while quaffing beer in a working-class New Orleans bar called Whitey's. "But, of course, we are guard oriented. There's one thing I don't have to worry

Maravich claims he can play with anyone, even Goddard. "With Gail," he says, "no problem at all."



about. Maravich and Goodrich will score points."

This was already being borne out, even while the two of them were suffering minor infirmities. Maravich had been bothered since preseason by a pinched nerve in his back and there were moments when his timing was clearly off. But he had little trouble scoring. After the first full week of the season, the 6'5" star was averaging 31.2 points per game, compared with last season's 25.9, which was third highest in the NBA. Goodrich, meanwhile, had a strained Achilles tendon that kept his right leg in a cast for two weeks during the preseason, reinforcing van Breda Kolf's decision to start young Jimmy McElroy alongside Maravich and to bring the 6'1" Goodrich off the bench "to spark us." And Goodrich was doing just that: logging barely 21 minutes a game, he nevertheless was sporting a 16.7 scoring average.

Goodrich's biggest contribution to the Jazz may be helping to motivate Maravich, who has been brooding lately about the fact that he has never played on a championship team either in college or the pros. He is in the final year of a three-year, \$1.2 million contract and he will not rule out the possibility of bolting to a stronger team in search of "fulfillment." For this season, at any rate, he hopes to scotch doubts that a couple of gunners like Goodrich and himself can find happiness with the same ball. The doubts persist even though the Pistol excels at passing while Goodrich is one of the best at moving without the ball.

"I don't care if it's Godzilla. I can complement anybody on a basketball court," Maravich says. "And with an intelligent, experienced player like Gail, there's no problem at all. He's a great shooter and I'm going to get the ball to him. He's also going to make me better. When he's on he's going to be double-teamed, and that will leave me open."

Goodrich wound up in New Orleans after haggling bitterly over money with Los Angeles Owner Jack Kent Cooke, who paid the veteran \$160,000 a year, which is not exactly the NBA poverty level. The Jazz came along and offered him \$200,000 for each of the next three seasons and compensated the Lakers with a first-round draft choice. Goodrich is a prudent man and no doubt noted that New Orleans is one of the last outposts of the nickel pay phone and dime news-

paper. But he insists that money was not the only factor. He says he was also drawn to the Jazz by the opportunity to play alongside Maravich, a consideration admittedly shaped by the days when he and Jerry West formed one of the finest backcourts in NBA history.

"I consider Jerry the best guard ever, and I wouldn't want to compare him with anyone," says Goodrich. "But Pete has so much talent, too. I know we'll get along fine."

The first adventures of 'Vich and 'Rich took place before wildly fluctuating crowds in the Superdome. For the season opener against Phoenix, 12,234 were on hand as Maravich and Goodrich scored 53 between them—33 and 20 respectively—in a 111-98 New Orleans victory. Then Philadelphia came to town, drawing an NBA record crowd of 27,383, most of whom wanted to see Julius Erving. The show, however, was stolen by another 76er, George McGinnis, who scored 37 in a 111-101 Philly romp.

It was not a good night for the Jazz. Philadelphia Guard Fred Carter gave Goodrich more than he could handle, and Maravich played sluggishly, earning himself a tongue-lashing at halftime from van Breda Kolf, whose evening was further damaged when the seat of his threadbare jeans ripped during one of his frequent leaps from the bench. Things would have been worse but for an 18-10 New Orleans spurt in the third quarter. The spurge included a two-on-one fast break in which Maravich and Goodrich passed the ball back and forth four times before the Pistol scored a layup. The play earned a thundering ovation.

"I'd have given it back to Gail if we had more room," Maravich said later, savoring the moment. "He's the kind of player that if he puts in a couple of easy baskets he can really get it going."

"That's the sort of thing Pete and I can do well together," agreed Goodrich. "We're conscious of each other out there."

The two of them had managed to score 44 points (28 'Vich, 16 'Rich) but after the game van Breda Kolf was still thinking team balance. "It's not enough for Pete and Gail to make each other better," he said. "They've got to make the rest of the team better, too." If that was a birthday wish, it came true Friday night against the Washington Bullets. This one drew 9,118 to the Dome and the Jazz



Goodrich: "We're conscious of each other."

won it 111-93, with Maravich and Goodrich not only putting the ball in the basket—their totals this time were 25 and 21 respectively—but also ball-hawking and setting up teammates for easy baskets. The chief beneficiaries were Forwards Aaron James, a third-year man averaging 19 a game, and 6'9" rookie Paul Griffin, a fifth-round draft choice from Western Michigan who could be one of the sleepers of the season.

The high spot of the evening for the Jazz was a spectacular play that began when Goodrich, bottled up at his own end, unloosed a behind-the-back pass downcourt to Maravich, whose back was to the Buller basket. The Pistol then flipped a pass behind him to the onrushing James, who went past a couple of befuddled defenders for an uncontested basket. Goodrich to Maravich to, ah, James.

On Saturday the three of them mounted much the same kind of operation against the New York Knicks in Madison Square Garden: Maravich got 39, Goodrich 10 and James 25, including 10 of 11 from the floor, and the Jazz won 115-112. For a brief and no doubt fleeting moment, New Orleans actually seemed three times better than last year.

END

TOTING UP THE BUTCHER'S BILL

NFL quarterbacks are dropping at a record rate. 20 have been sent to the sidelines, two are out for the season

by Robert F. Jones

In the British navy, they call it "the butcher's bill"—the tally of casualties after a battle. In the National Football League, where gallows humor is frowned upon, they merely call it "the injured list." In most years it is made up largely of running backs whose knees have popped or wide receivers who have been clotheslined into the hospital. This season, though, the dreadful roster is studded with the names of the most widely known, highly paid and loudly applauded practitioners of this violent sport: Quarterbacks.

They are dropping all over the league. Last season, a typically destructive one, 14 quarterbacks were put on the butcher's



Baltimore Sack Packers John Dutton (78) and Fred Cook rendered Joe Namath hors de combat

er's bill. This year, with six games to go, fully 20 quarterbacks have made the sheet. Two starters are out for the year—Joe Ferguson of Buffalo (broken back) and Steve Bartkowski of Atlanta (knee surgery). Nine of the league's 28 teams have been forced to start their backup quarterbacks, and two—Los Angeles and Cleveland—have had to dip down to their third-stringers. Here is the butcher's bill to date, broken down (no pun intended) by category:

ANKLE: Joe Reed, Detroit.

ARM: Billy Kilmer, Washington.

BACK: Ferguson, Buffalo; Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh.

CALF: Joe Namath, New York Jets.

CONCLUSION: Ken Anderson, Cincinnati; Mike Boryla, Philadelphia; Bob Griese, Miami; Pat Haden, Los Angeles; Namath, Jets; Brian Sipe, Cleveland.

FINGER: Griese, Miami.

HAND: Roger Staubach, Dallas; Anderson, Cincinnati.

KNEE: Bartkowski, Atlanta; Ken Stabler, Oakland; Craig Morton, New York Giants; Bob Avellini, Chicago.

NOSE: Kilmer, Washington.

RIBS: Fran Tarkenton, Minnesota.

SHOULDER: James Harris and Ron Jaworski, Los Angeles; Mike Phipps, Cleveland.

THUMB: Harris, Los Angeles; Mike Livingston, Kansas City.

But a mere listing of names and injuries cannot begin to convey the ferocity of action that fed the butcher's bill.

When Bradshaw was hurt, it looked like a take from Kung Kong. Cleveland Defensive End Joe (Turkey) Jones caught Bradshaw running out of the pocket, grabbed him by the waist and—with Terry still struggling as the whistle blew—upended the 210-pound quarterback as if he were a stuffed panda, then pile-drove him headfirst into the ground. Bradshaw's X rays disclosed no fractures (a credit to conditioning and a neck like a bull elephant's), but his vertebrae were compressed nearly to the cracking point and he missed two full games as a result. Turkey Jones, outwardly remorseful, saw his team penalized a mere 15 yards and had his name announced (to cheers) over

The Bears cracked a bone in Staubach's head



Harris: two shoulder injuries, a broken thumb





"Ah, Joe," Cook seems to be telling Nemeth, "why don't you get out while the getting's good?"

the loudspeaker. You naughty boy, you.

Oddly enough, Coach Chuck Noll of Pittsburgh exonerated Jones, calling his post-whistle mayhem "an enthusiastic tackle—the late hit was a normal follow-through on a play like that." Steeler Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert was not so forbearing: "I told Jones that I thought what he did was the cheapest thing I've ever seen in football. It's not football anymore, it's a street fight. Jones hurt Bradshaw intentionally. I hope he gets his neck broken."

Joe Ferguson's back injury came in the second quarter of a game against New England. Ferguson was moving the Bills into Patriot territory in the second quarter when he rolled out and ran nine yards to a first down on the 29. There he was met by three New England linebackers. Sam Hunt hit first, slamming his knee into Ferguson's left side. Then Steve Nelson arrived with a crunch, and finally Steve Zabel came in just as the whistle blew, spearing Ferguson with his helmet. The combined weight of the tacklers—705 pounds—hitting from different angles popped four of the small, horrible projections attached to Ferguson's lower vertebrae. There was no penalty.

Bartkowski's knee injury was another case of sudden stresses coming from different directions. In a game against New Orleans, Bartkowski was dropping back when Defensive End Andy Dorris, pounding up from behind, snagged the quarterback's face mask. Simultaneously,

Tackle Derland Moore slammed in low from the side, directly against Bartkowski's right knee. The Saints were penalized only five yards for the face-mask infraction.

To anyone with even the most rudimentary knowledge of human anatomy, it is easy to see why quarterbacks are breaking with the regularity of dropped teacups. With the possible exception of pass receivers, they are the most vulnerable men on the field—and far and away the most desirable targets for pulverization. Even a quarterback who has stayed in his protective pocket of blockers is wide open at the moment he cocks his arm to throw. Those tender short ribs

are totally unprotected. His weight is on his rearmost leg, where tendons and ligaments are stretched like fragile rubber bands, ready to snap when a sudden 250-pound thrust is laid on them. His fingers, usually the most talented on the club, are not protected by the tape that linemen wear, making them prime potential victims of a crunching foot or, when the going gets really fierce, a set of snapping jaws. When the quarterback runs, as many of them are now doing, he is usually pitting a 200-pound body against the fast-moving mass of a 230-pound linebacker or—and here one tends to close one's eyes at the moment of impact—a 260-pound defensive lineman. When you stop to think about it, they should call the man a "hanged, drawn and quartered back."

What's more, the heightened emphasis on defense in the modern game has given the defense the best and biggest athletes in football. Pass rushers are bigger and, more important, quicker than ever. Zone defenses have made it far more difficult for a passer to find an open target in the few seconds he enjoys before the rushers break through to him. "We should recognize there's been a change in the structure of the defense," argues John Brodie, the retired San Francisco quarterback. "Pro basketball realized the players were so big, and had such a wide arm spread, that the people had outgrown the size of the court. This was one of the reasons zone defenses were eliminated."

Another factor militating against the

continued

The Saints received a five-yard face-mask penalty on the play that sent Bartkowski for knee surgery.



quarterback is the growing attention that coaches, fans and media are paying to the "sack" (a dreadful word, though frequently quarterbacks do indeed fall like limp bags, full of blood and busted ribs). The rush lines of such teams as San Francisco, Chicago and Baltimore get nearly as much adulation as the offensive stars.

"Sacking a quarterback is just a real high altogether," grins Baltimore Tackle Joe Ehrmann, the 6' 4", 254-pound leader of the Colts' Sack Pack. "It's like eating a big chocolate sundae." Once a headhunter who avowed that Joe Willie Namath's noggin was his life's desire, Ehrmann claims to have mellowed. "I don't go after a particular number anymore," he says. "I still like to hit quarterbacks, mind you, but not Namath more than any other."

Defensive End Fred Cook, Ehrmann's sidekick, says that his own ferocity increases with every quarterback hit. "When I get a sack," he says, "it really fires me up to get another. I guess I get myself into a sadistic state of mind. I'm not out to kill a quarterback or anything like that, but I sure want to put him down." Ehrmann, Cook & Co. did just that to their onetime favorite whipping boy, Namath, at Shea Stadium two weeks ago. In the fourth quarter, John Dutton and Cook slammed him to earth with a thud that echoed over the Jet fans' groans. With his bell rung, Namath retired for the day and sat out last week's Buffalo game, too. As Namath lay cold-cocked on the wet grass, Cook knelt over him and stared down scornfully as if to

say, "Why don't you get out of here while the getting's good?"

Complicating the quarterback's problems, NFL game officials now are under orders to strictly enforce rules against holding. In the fifth week of the season, Art McNally, the Supervisor of Officials, sent a "routine" memo to all his charges calling for a closer watch on holding infractions by offensive linemen. McNally's missive was long overdue: holding was so widespread, and so widely condoned except in the most flagrant cases, that college players entering the NFL could not believe what they saw. Most coaches feel that it takes three years for an offensive lineman to learn the fine points of pass blocking—that is, holding without making it too obvious. NFL rules require a blocker to keep his hands inside his elbows. He cannot extend his arms to their full length in fending off a rusher. The most common holding violation is for the blocker to clamp a rusher's hand—or hands if he's quick enough—under his own upper arms, then use his forearms to lever the opponent any way he likes.

McNally's appeal seems to have produced quick results. Last season there were 283 holding penalties imposed through the schedule's seventh game. After seven weeks this year, officials had stepped off 402 holding penalties. Holding calls had gone up from an average of 3.1 per game to 4.1—an increase of 32%.

What then can be done to protect the quarterback? The suggestions range from the sensible through the bizarre to the facetious. Cleveland Coach Forrest Gregg,

tucking his tongue deep in his cheek, says that quarterbacks should be given their own yellow hankie and be permitted to throw it anytime they feel they are being abused. San Francisco's Monte Clark seriously suggests that quarterbacks be given different-colored jerseys to identify them as "fragile," much in the way teams use red shirts in training camp to identify players who are practicing with an injury.

Clark also suggests, more sensibly, that the holding rules be liberalized to permit blockers to use the elbow hook and extended arms in defense of their quarterbacks. Along with many other club officials, Assistant General Manager Jim Schaff of the Kansas City Chiefs argues convincingly for stiffer penalties to be imposed on rushers who hit late or pile on when a quarterback is already stopped. "I'd like to see a deliberate late hit punished by more than a 15-yard penalty," says Schaff. "Maybe even ejection from the game. The punishment should be severe enough to stop flagrant violations."

The men who have given the most thought to quarterback protection, though, are Oakland's managing general partner Al Davis and his head coach, John Madden. Members of the NFL Competition Committee, which draws up rule changes, Davis and Madden propose that the quarterback be treated the same way that a punter is—the moment his arm begins to move forward with the pass, he should be legally unhittable. "I know it sounds extreme," says Davis, "but how can you know if it's possible in this game—which is a violent, emotional struggle—without testing it?" Davis also proposes a ban on hitting a quarterback below the waist and above the shoulder pads.

Madden has mentioned the idea of giving the referee a horn, buzzer or bell that would be sounded whenever it is clear that the quarterback has gone as far as he can go—but before he gets hit. The two have also suggested that perhaps the quarterback should be denied the right to run the ball, which would doubtless save some very valuable bones from breakage but at the same time would take a measure of offense away from certain teams. "These suggestions were put before the committee but tabled, again and again," says Davis. "Sometimes I think the NFL believes it is impregnable behind its own Magnot Line. We don't exactly win awards for forward movement."

continued

Rookie Mike Kruttschank led Pittsburgh to two wins while Bradshaw napped his back in the coach's box.



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One way to keep quarterbacks healthy, suggests John Brodie, would be to legalize the intentional grounding of passes. "I played quarterback for 14 years," he says, "but it wasn't until my ninth year that I learned the full value of throwing the ball away. I learned that if a completion wasn't possible, file it. Get rid of it intentionally. In the final six years of my career, I was never penalized once for intentional grounding, but I threw the ball away hundreds of times."

That might help alleviate injuries to quarterbacks who are getting sacked, but what about the injuries suffered by scramblers? Tarkenton, perhaps the best scrambler the game has known, has been the healthiest quarterback in history; he has failed to start only one game because of injury in his 16 years (against Pittsburgh last month, because of bruised ribs, although he maintains he could have started if necessary). Tarkenton feels that a quarterback has to be smart and not make like a running back going for the extra yard. "It's much better to run out of bounds or fall down before they hit you," he says. "I'll watch for daylight to open before I run, and if it's not there I take my lumps." Tarkenton has perfected the best protective skill available to a running quarterback—the football equivalent of the second-base slide. When he sees he is about to be hit, he skids feet-first into the mangle, thus avoiding injuries that can render a passer hors de combat. The Tarkenton slide is widely imitated throughout the league, at least by those quarterbacks who have not added their names to the butcher's bill.

None of these proposals is likely to be acted upon before the end of this already brutal season, and because the NFL is highly conservative about rule changes of any kind, it is quite likely that they never will be adopted. Yet quarterbacks remain the most visible stars of the game, and among the most highly paid. To expend them wastefully and wantonly is not only ruinous to tendons, skulls, joints and bones, but destructive to the game itself. Tougher punishment of cheap-shot artists, a rewriting of holding rules, waiving of the intentional-grounding diktum—these are at least worthy items for the Competition Committee's agenda. If any or all of them are adopted, in one form or another, it can only help the game—and the much-abused men who stand open and breakable at its very heart. Quarterbacks.

ENR

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HE'S LOOSE AS A GOOSE AND FLIES ON A BIKE

Jay Springsteen was just a 19-year-old "having fun" racing his motorcycle, until he started winning. Then, like everyone else, he got a case of plate fever

by SAM MOSES

There is a malady that strikes professional motorcycle racers called plate fever. When a man catches it, he has been known to beat up his friends. He makes dubious deals. He scoffs at security. He races when he should be in traction. And he rides as if the crash walls were made of cardboard.

There is only one thing that relieves the fever, and that is a 10"-by-12" white plastic plate with a big black No. 1 on it. To get it, a man has to be No. 1, the national motorcycle champion.

In 1976 Gary Scott, a 24-year-old from Springfield, Ohio, earned the plate on the front of his motorcycle. Few men had

ever had the fever as bad as Scott; it didn't break for four years. A lot of people were glad to see him finally get rid of it. He deserved the championship, they agreed.

He'll have the fever again next year. A 19-year-old from Flint, Mich. named Jay Springsteen stole the plate from Scott this year and became the new No. 1, the second youngest ever. Springsteen had had some advice on how to cure the fever from three-time national champion Burt Markel, his neighbor, who has won 28 national motorcycle races, more than any man in history.

The American Motorcyclist Association national championship was decided this year in a 28-race series, 24 of which were dirt-track races. By far the most spectacular dirt-track events are those contested on one-mile ovals. Springsteen won four of the six miles and finished second in the other two. He makes spectators swallow their hearts with his moves on the big tracks. He wails down the straight on his 750cc Harley-Davidson at 140 mph, his right hand on the throttle, at ear level because his chin is on the gas tank, his left hand reaching down to the front fork at knee level and clutching a stubby grip about the size of a half-smoked White Owl. When he approaches a turn he abruptly sits up and moves his left hand back to the handlebars. Gently he taps the rear brake with his right foot—there is no front brake—so the back of his bike slides around and violently pitches the machine to the left, leaning it over so far the engine sometimes scuffs along in the dirt. He slides sideways at nearly 100 mph, his left leg stuck out as far as he can stretch it, his steel shoe skimming over the dirt and acting as an outrigger. Still drifting toward the wall, he cracks open the throttle and snaps his left foot back up on the peg and grabs that White Owl down by his knee and slaps his chest back on the gas tank, then finally comes out of the turn and slingshots down the straight. Springsteen does this a lot, sometimes between two other riders doing the same thing, as often as not nudging—and being nudged by—the other riders' feet, elbows and handlebars.

Dirt-track racers are a completely different breed from, say, Indy drivers. When an Indy driver pulls onto the track he looks as if he's stifling a yawn; when a dirt-tracker pulls onto the track he looks as if he's stifling a scream.

Scott's situation throughout the past

season was unprecedented. In 1975 he had been one of five Harley-Davidson factory riders. Then he had been on the other end, trying desperately to take the plate from Kenny Roberts, sole member of the Yamaha team. Since he was the only man on the team who had a strong chance for No. 1, Scott felt he owed the fastest Harley. He saw it as common sense: if Harley-Davidson wanted the national championship, they should throw their weight behind the man who could best win it for them.

But Dick O'Brien, Harley-Davidson's racing manager, didn't see it that way. O'Brien has an iron policy: no team orders, every man for himself, and may the best man win. Not only that, but Harley-Davidson didn't make a competitive road racer; Scott was forced to stay home from the road races while Roberts scored points.

Scott took the plate from Roberts anyhow. But after the season he and O'Brien still disagreed on a lot of things—including what Scott was worth for 1976—so Scott quit and became a champion without a factory contract, a privateer No. 1. The situation was unprofitable for both parties. A championship was of little value to a company that could hardly advertise the fact; Harley-Davidson probably lost hundreds of thousands in sales. Scott probably lost tens of thousands in endorsements.

Scott spent the winter preparing to defend his championship without a factory behind him. He bought his own bikes—or arranged deals for them—hired his own tuners and did a lot of the work on the bikes himself. For the one-mile races he wanted to use a Harley-Davidson XR750; after all, he had nothing against the motorcycle.

Then he tried to get racing parts for it. The Harley-Davidson racing department—which means Dick O'Brien, the racing manager for 19 years—refused to sell him the special cams and pushrods that it had developed. But there is an AMA rule meant to prevent such factory dominance of racing: the engine in any of the top three finishing bikes in a dirt race may be claimed by any competitor in that race for \$3,500, and a road-race engine may be claimed for \$4,000. So after the first mile of the season, won by Harley team rider Rex Beauchamp with Springsteen second and Scott third, Scott claimed the engine from Beauchamp's factory XR750 to get the spe-

cial parts he needed. Observers at the claiming thought they were about to witness O'Brien strangle someone who at 5' 6" and 130 pounds is nearly half a foot shorter, 50 pounds lighter and 30 years younger than himself.

Late in the season Scott did the same thing—but for a different reason—to Roberts after the Yamaha rider had won a road race at Riverside, Calif. Skip Aklund, a back-door member of the Yamaha team, had protested Scott, under orders from Pete Schick, Yamaha's manager. Schick thought Scott's one-lap-late start in a heat race (he hadn't heard the call to the starting line in the garage area) should have disqualified him from the main event. So Scott claimed Roberts' engine in retaliation, although the AMA disallowed Aklund's protest.

"Scott sure isn't trying to win any popularity contests this year," said one observer.

"No, he's not," came the reply. "He's trying to win the plate."

Most of what motivates Scott never shows; even on the racing circuit few people really know him. But, says one who does, "Gary could shoot you right between the eyes, shrug and walk away and never even think about it."

The AMA Pro Series has two legs. Scott won the first leg, with Springsteen and Roberts a slim six points behind. But Springsteen had been coming on strong. He won five of the series' last seven races, including three miles. His win at the Syracuse Mile was the fastest in AMA history, an average speed of 97.5 mph. Teammate Beauchamp, who finished second by an eyelash, protested the result. And Scott protested Roberts, who finished third, for rough riding.

Said Bill Boyce, the AMA's director of professional racing, "I thought the whole thing was a joke. A definite case

continued

Fiery Gary Scott did the best riding of his career trying to keep his championship from Springsteen



of the pot calling the kettle black. Gary had been involved in three or four slam-bams this year."

"It's easy to be No. 2," said Scott, who knows after being No. 2 three years in a row and now again. "There's a big difference between No. 2 and No. 1, and when you start pushing for No. 1, it gets heavy. You can't afford to back off. Some of the riders understand because they've been there, but a lot of people don't."

"I won't knock someone down on purpose—I haven't got to that point yet—but if he's slowing me down I'll push him out of my way. I'll pass any way I can."

A lot of that sort of thing always occurs at the San Jose Mile, generally considered the most competitive race on the AMA circuit. This year it was also the last mile, and Springsteen broke the lap record by more than a second in qualifying. He also won the final, with Scott second.

The race will be remembered as much for Scott's performance as for Springsteen's, although Scott's came after the race when a season of frustrations was released in the rest room of a bar.

Bill Werner is one of the best tuners on the dirt-track circuit, and he knows what he's doing with an XR750. He is Springsteen's tuner. Last year he was Scott's tuner. Last year he was also Scott's friend. This year it was his job to help Springsteen take away Scott's plate. As Werner described it, "It wasn't even a fight. I was standing in front of the mirror combing my hair and the next thing I knew someone was flailing away at me." A row of black stitches on Werner's lip moved as he talked. "I can't say it surprises me. I've known Gary well for two years; I've seen him operate. He's like a light switch. Snap! He goes off."

"It was a disappointment. A tuner always thinks he has a special relationship with his rider. Pressure will do funny things to a guy."

"Maybe it wasn't even personal. Maybe Gary just wanted to say, 'Look, everybody, get off my back; I mean business.' Now I'm tuning for Springer and Springer's beating him; maybe he felt I should have quit at Harley-Davidson and stayed with him. Gary has been a lonely man this year."

Scott's version of the story is not much different, except for one thing. "Bill was going out of his way to torment me and rub it in after Springsteen won at San Jose," he said. "I just decided I wasn't



Scott had no factory support, so a variety of bikes wore his No. 1, like this Yamaha at Riverside

gonna take that stuff. Everybody thinks I'm a bad guy, so I might as well be one."

Motorcycle dirt-track racing isn't like most other sports, but it is a lot like NASCAR stock-car racing in that it has its own code of ethics. The man who will do what it takes to win, no matter what, will be respected for it. There may not be much fondness for Scott on the dirt-track circuit, but there is a lot of respect.

Gene Romero is a former teammate of Scott's and was No. 1 in 1970. He is one of the men who "has been there and understands," as Scott says. Romero says, "I don't like the guy, but this year he flat astounded me. He started the season with his back against the wall and clawed his way out. You got to lean on guys to get the job done, put them in the fence if you have to, and that's what Scott did. He was a racer all the way. His problem was he not only burned his bridges, he blasted the banks. He'll never be able to go over the same ground again."

Scott was not completely without supporters. One of them is road racer Steve McLaughlin, who has his own reputation as being the most outspoken professional in motorcycling.

"I've known Gary for years," McLaughlin says. "He's a hardheaded little guy. Once he gets upset, he gets stubborn. This year he did a lot of rotten things because there was so much pressure on him. Understand, I don't defend his childishness; I just defend the guy's audacity in bucking Harley-Davidson. He was right last year. When you have a team, you should have team racing."

One thing everyone agrees on is that even though Scott didn't keep the plate,

this season he rode better than he ever has. He raced bikes with assorted setups and different tuners, everything from an obsolescent English Triumph to the latest Yamaha road racer, and he supervised the mechanical work—and did most of the legwork—himself. Not even O'Brien begrudges Scott's effort this year. "I may not have been happy with his behavior, but I can't sell his riding short," the Harley racing manager says. "He had a point to prove and he rode hard and he rode good to prove it."

"I accepted the fact that Gary could win the plate up till the last race," O'Brien admits, "but what could I do about it? Naturally I knew if Gary had won, he would rub it in hard. I wasn't looking forward to that part of it."

Whenever Springsteen saunters by, O'Brien's eyes light up. He grabs the youngster in an affectionate headlock and says, "Boy, where you been? I been looking for you."

Damn right O'Brien had been looking for Springsteen. Even before Scott quit, O'Brien had made up his mind to hire the youngster. Springsteen is O'Brien's dream—any racing manager's dream. He does what he's told, smiles while he's doing it, never complains, never challenges orders—and he goes fast. Put a Big Mac in his hand, a clean T-shirt on his back and a van with a tape deck over his head and he's in heaven. He's got everything he wants: he is so happy throwing a motorcycle sideways into a turn at 140 mph he'd do it for nothing. Springsteen is not going to go to O'Brien this winter, as Scott did last winter, and say, "Hey, I risk my life so

your company can sell motorcycles, and I just won the national championship. I think I'm worth more to you than you're paying me."

"Springsteen is the easiest rider I've ever worked with," says Werner. "He hasn't discovered greed, power and lust."

"That's because he's not smart enough yet," cracked a bystander.

More likely, it's because he hasn't had time. This year was only his second in the expert class, and he still didn't have enough experience to have an expert license for 750cc point-paying road racing, not that it mattered much in the absence of a competitive 750cc Harley-Davidson road racer. He had been third, behind Scott and Roberts, his first year, which made him Rookie of the Year.

"He's just 19 years old and loosey-goosey," says O'Brien. "He's as happy as a goose, concerned about nothing. If he wins, he wins, if he doesn't, he doesn't, he doesn't know what pressure is. It's almost unnatural; he goes as fast in practice as he does in the race. He's got the will to win. He's a full-out fighter to the flag. We don't see very many riders coming up through the ranks like Springer. He'll ride way out up against the fence, places where few men will."

Loose as a goose is an understatement. Springsteen's entire comment on the Scott situation was, "It's just Gary's way of going about it, I guess."

Same on the pressure: "It ain't no big thing. I just go out and go as fast as I can. I'm just out to have a good time. That's all I can say. I'm having fun."

Springsteen led the series into the season's final race, the Ascot half-mile in Gardena, Calif., but both Scott and Roberts still had a chance to win the plate. There was some talk that maybe the Harley-Davidson team would try a stop-Scott gambit. One man surrounded by three—two of the five factory riders were out for the season—and if they all were to crowd Scott at 100 mph, it could be fairly intimidating. But Scott wasn't worried. "There isn't one of them that's on a 'team,'" he said. "They're all out for themselves. They don't even like each other; they could never get together against me."

With 20 points at stake for first place, Roberts, 19 behind, had only a slim chance for the No. 1 plate. Scott, 12 back and a bullet at Ascot, formerly his home track, would be in great shape if Springsteen did not make the main event—say,

if he were eliminated in one of the qualifying heat races.

Springsteen was following Beauchamp in practice, when Beauchamp lost control and weaved across the track. Springsteen nailed him from behind and flew over his own handlebars, face down in the dirt.

"I ran over and Springer was up and limping around, but acting kind of dinky," said Werner. "Springer said, 'I think my hand's broken.' I looked down at it and saw his little finger jammed into his palm—the right hand, his throttle hand. I told him it didn't look broken. 'Well, fix it then,' he said." Werner, a former wrestling coach, recalls, "I just gave 'er a jerk and it popped back into place."

Springsteen was woozy and complained that his vision was blurry, so he sat out the rest of practice and waited to be the very last rider to make his one-lap qualifying run. He qualified eighth fastest, which placed him right beside Scott for the start of a heat race. Scott got the jump off the grid and led into the first turn. But when he slowed down for the turn, Springsteen just kept his throttle wide open and drove around Scott on the outside—riding way up against the fence, where few men will. He came out of the turn in the lead and kept going to win the 10-lap heat by some 100 yards over Scott.

Springsteen and Scott were both on the front row for the main event, with the plate on the line. Springsteen's ankle

and shoulder had begun to ache and his throttle hand was swelling fast.

"All you've got to do is finish seventh and we've got the plate," Werner told him. "Pace yourself and don't get into anything."

"I can't hang on to this motorcycle too tight but I'll do the best I can," replied Springsteen.

He led the first 14 laps, but was passed on the 15th by Alex Jorgensen. O'Brien and Werner were waving frantically at Springsteen and yelling. "Let Jorgensen go! Let him go!"

Two laps later, Springsteen passed Jorgensen and won the race, setting a track record: Scott was fourth and Roberts a distant 12th. It was Springsteen's seventh victory of the season, more than any rider since Joe Leonard in 1954.

"I knew I could go faster," said Springsteen, "so I said to myself, 'What the hell, I can win this thing.'"

"Phenomenal," said Werner. "The kid has got some style."

He had something else. All season long Springsteen had been saying, "If I win the plate, I win; if I don't, I don't. I'm just out there having fun." But on the night of the final race of the year, he was wared. Scott couldn't have beaten him if he had stolen his tires.

Not surprising. It has happened before and Gary Scott certainly could have recognized the symptoms. It may have taken all season, but Springsteen had finally caught a case of plate fever. **END**

Not allowed to race on road courses, Springsteen won the championship on dirt ovals like Ascot.







THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS IS NOT A
STRAIGHT LINE ON A
LAWN BOWLING RINK

the bowl doth run in blosse waies

At the 1975 open in San Francisco an-
trants accept the ancient challenge of
rolling their lopsided bowls closest to the
white "jack." Next stop: Clearwater, Fla.

Continued





thinking that nothing save the players had changed in lawn bowls since Drake's time. In certain respects, he would be right. The game itself is much the same as it was then except that most bowls are now molded of plastic instead of carved from wood, the rules have been standardized and women are wearing pants. Nevertheless, there are disturbances within the once tranquil and untrammelled world of lawn bowls: young blood is mixing with old, and women are beginning to take the measure of the men. Change is on the way.

The contemporary version of lawn bowls dates back four centuries, when someone hit on the idea of using a lopsided bowl instead of a round one, reasoning that "a little altering of the one side maketh the bowl to run blasse wates."

The "blasse" accounts for much of the complexity of the game. In lawn bowls the shortest distance between two points is seldom a straight line. When rolled in the usual way (for a draw shot) the bowl will curve toward its heavier side, more so as it loses momentum, enabling the player, with proper pace and angle, to make it skirt around bowls lying in the way of the "jack"—the smaller object ball—or tap an opponent's

bowl out of a cluster around the jack.

Without this 16th century innovation the game might have died and been buried with Henry VIII, who nearly killed it anyway when he banned lawn bowling because of all the gambling that was going on. Of course, the king exempted himself and other stakes-loving noblemen from the ban.

Nowadays it is not betting people, but those who like chess problems and physics who gravitate to lawn bowls. This is due partly to another devilish characteristic of the game: if a bowl is rolled slowly toward its object (requiring, say, 18 seconds to reach the jack) the green is said to be "fast"; if the bowl is rolled quickly (10 seconds to cover the same distance) the green is "slow."

The logic of this semantic contradiction is that on heavy, slow grass the bowler must use enough initial force in his delivery to give the bowl a momentum that will carry it rapidly all the way to the jack, which can be as far distant as 108 feet. But on a fast green the bowl will be sent forth more gently, so that it will decelerate properly as it nears the target; this gives the bowler far more control of the bowl's course. (Aside from tactical reasons, there are practical advantages when the bowl rolls and rolls a

continued

by ROSE MARY MECHEM

Next week, when players from the U.S. and several other countries meet in Clearwater, Fla. for the 55th National Open Lawn Bowling Tournament, in all likelihood the event will, once again, not be news. Even last year's nationals, which drew a record 450 contestants to five clubs in the San Francisco Bay area, received scant coverage in the local sports pages.

Tradition has always played a big part in the game and traditionally everyone is supposed to be nonchalant about the sport until he has strapped on his gold retirement watch. This attitude does not encourage a lot of newspaper ink.

But bowling on the green was not always a non-event. In England they still talk about the game of July 19, 1588 at Plymouth Hoe. Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh had just finished the seventh end in a tense match with a couple of other lords when a naval captain burst on the scene with a report that the Spanish Armada was moving up the English Channel. Sir Francis informed the captain that he would be along, but first the game had to be completed.

Still, a casual observer stumbling upon rows of white-clad figures bent over the grass in rapt concentration of a dark, slow-moving object could be forgiven for



Bowls often form a picket line around the jack after arcing journeys of more than 100 feet.



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lawn bowls continued

skilled smoker, for example, has time to light a pipe properly in the time it takes his bowl to reach a long jack on a fast green. On a slow green he has barely time to draw a puff.) At Clearwater the rinks will have a composition surface called Rubico that plays slightly slower than the fastest turf rinks. The contestants anticipate little difficulty adjusting their styles to the artificial surface. Esthetically it may be another matter—like the artificial surface that replaced Forest Hills' grass courts, Rubico has a drab gray-green tint.

Quite obviously, then, lawn bowling is ready to prove that it is not so firmly wedded to tradition that it cannot adapt to the 20th century. The feeling is that the game has suffered too long from a low, and aged, profile, that a lively sport of marvelous intricacy requiring considerable skill has been kept pretty much in the closet. Today young people are beginning to break into the closet and the older generation is generally delighted.

No one takes the sport more seriously than 38-year-old Frank Souza of San Francisco. He is typical of younger players who are giving up other sports for the special rewards of lawn bowling. "I used to play a lot of tennis," he says, "but one day I was watching my father practice lawn bowling. I thought it would be a cinch. When I tried it I found out it wasn't so easy." In 12 years of competition Souza has been on the winning doubles and triples teams at the national open and runner-up in the U.S. Singles, which pits divisional champions against one another. "In tennis," he says, "if you're not 19, forget it. With this sport you have a fair chance whatever your age."

If lawn bowling is acquiring a new image, that image looks a lot like Dave and Judy Redo. It is not so much the way they drive a bowl as the way they drive themselves. Last year Dave was general chairman of the men's national open while Judy was co-chairing the women's event. Dave, 39, comes from a lawn bowling family but didn't take any interest in the game until after he left college. Both he and Judy, 37, enjoyed other sports before they took up lawn bowls. "We like competition and we like to travel. This gives us both," Dave says. "I also like it because both Judy and I can play equally. She almost gave up tennis because she doesn't like to lose."

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A Dash for the Timber: Indians Remington, 1899 (courtesy, American Museum of Western Art)



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The newsworthy of business

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A lot of other women share this sentiment. In fact, the biggest changes in the game are coming from them. Six years ago 77 women bowlers organized the American Women's Lawn Bowls Association under a charter from the international women's organization. They held their first national open tournament the following year and this year the AWLBA has more than 600 women on its membership rolls. Now some women are pressing to join the men in a single organization, but they are meeting stiff resistance. One of their officials says flatly, "The two organizations will never merge because men belong to the International Bowling Board and there cannot be any women members of that."

Toni Mercer of New York City is not one to say never. She became a lawn bowler while she was watching a match in Central Park. A player put a bowl in her hand and said, "Try it." Within a year she had won her first tournament. She thinks lawn bowling could be a swinging sport. But it will be up to the women. "I'm not a women's libber," she says, "but I'll tell you one thing. Men are negative. It takes women to change things. Men don't have the imagination. They don't want their nest disturbed." Mercer and other women members of her club are responsible for a publicity campaign that doubled its membership in six months. Now they want to shake up the other 134 clubs around the country.

Even if every club in the U.S. boosted its membership by 100%, that would only bring the lawn bowling population to 20,000—still a lot of bowlers away from the 50,000 in New Zealand, the 60,000 in South Africa, the 500,000 in Australia or the 400,000 in the British Isles.

It will be a while, too, before the grandpa-grandma image disappears, if only because the older folks are happy and fully capable of meeting youth on an equal athletic footing. Eighty-two-year-old Margaret Hodges of Sun City, Calif., played four matches in a single day at last year's open. The next morning she conceded that her legs were a little stiff "until I started to bowl again." She wasn't eliminated until the semifinals and then by the eventual champion.

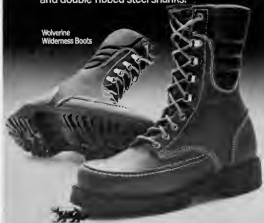
The old people are in no hurry to be laid to rest underneath the green or even the Rubico. The whippersnappers will first have to beat them, and that's easier said than bowled.

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GETTING GOOD WOOD ON THE BALL, RAIDERS HALL KICKS THE GAME-DECIDING FIELD GOAL

back had a chance to polish its boots and show off before a large assemblage of visiting media people. So what did the local citizens do? Most of them acted as crazed as ranch hands who have been out in the West Texas heat too long.

The reason that Lubbock's lunacy hit a new bonkers level was Tech's 31-28 victory in a game that very nearly sent both coaching staffs and every one of the 54,187 spectators in Jones Stadium—including 1,500 manic souls who paid seven bucks apiece to stand—to the rubber room. Before it all ended with Longhorn Raymond Clayborn vainly trying to return a punt through a swarm of Red Raider tacklers, the lead changed hands five times. Tech twice came from behind to ensure its fans a Saturday night of raucous delirium that may last until the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day.

The win gave the Raiders a 6-0 record and enabled them to take a big step toward their first Southwest Conference title. Tech now shares the league lead with Arkansas, a team it will meet at Little Rock on Thanksgiving weekend in a game that will not be a turkey. This impressive start is the Raiders' finest since 1938, and has come on the heels of last year's 6-5 performance and despite severe losses from the defensive unit through graduation. A preseason poll picked the Red Raiders to finish fourth in the SWC, and even the most deranged Lubbockites did not envision Tech going through October unbeaten.

Happily for Steve Sloan, the 31-year-old ex-Alabama quarterback now in his second season as Tech coach, the players are fanatical about proving the prognosticators wrong. Starting with the season opener against favored Colorado, which Tech won 24-7, the Raiders have gained converts and confidence with every game.

And they have done it with a lineup that is curious, if not downright zany. Sloan solved the problem of his inexperienced secondary with a pair of ex-quarterbacks. He switched junior Greg Frazier to safety and inserted Don Roberts, a senior, at the right corner. Together they have had five of Tech's 15 interceptions. Another defensive change put Harold Buell, a 214-pound linebacker of

so-so accomplishment, at defensive end, where he may become All-Conference. Among the Red Raiders' biggest plays against Texas was Buell's second-period sack of Quarterback Ted Constantino that resulted in a 15-yard loss and took the Longhorns out of field-goal range.

Before the Texas game Quarterback Rodney Allison, who likes to begin a lot of his sentences with, "I feel that . . ." was considered a weaker passer than injured Tommy Duniven, a senior with whom he shares the position. "I don't feel I'm a first-class passer," Allison said on Friday, "but I feel like I can throw. I feel I can offset the passing with my running. I'm throwing 50%. I feel if I can do that and throw for 100 yards a game, I'll get the job done."

Allison need never downgrade his arm again. Against the Longhorns he completed 10 of 11 passes for 87 yards and, despite leg cramps, carried the ball 25 times for 106. In the third quarter, after Texas had taken a 21-10 lead, he capped an 80-yard drive with a five-yard touchdown run. And when the game ended, he was the first player to race across the field to shake the hand of Texas Coach Darrell Royal.

Sloan and the Raiders also are endowed with an unusual placekicker named Brian Hall. Hall leads the nation with 10 field goals in 13 attempts (his longest went 46 yards against Texas A&M), and he has kicked 21 extra points without a miss. His 34-yard field goal in the second quarter ultimately proved to be the margin of victory over Texas. All of which would be nothing short of spectacular, even if Hall did not kick with an artificial leg.

But he does. As the result of a childhood farm accident, Hall's right leg ends a few inches above his non-existent ankle, and he wears a prosthesis that reaches to his knee. "As long as there is glue," says Hall, "I'll never have shin splints."

On Friday, when 6½ inches of snow fell on West Texas and threatened to turn Jones Stadium into the Slush Bowl, Hall was asked how cold weather might affect his showdown with Texas' Russ Erxleben, the country's No. 1 all-round kicker. "The only thing I'm hoping is that it will be cold enough to hurt his toes," Hall said. "It sure won't hurt mine."

Nonetheless, it was a break for Tech that the temperature was climbing to—

continued

A real lulu in Lubbock

THE BONKERS LEVEL HIT A NEW HIGH AS
UNBEATEN TEXAS TECH BOPPED TEXAS

Out in the western reaches of Texas, the city of Lubbock reposes in unshaded isolation. A mecca for pickup trucks, cottonseed oil and dust storms, Lubbock also can boast of 3% unemployment, glutted bank accounts and some of the friendliest folks ever to order chicken-fried steak. However, neither Texas Tech with its elegant campus nor air as clear as Steuben glass has enabled Lubbock to shake its unsophisticated image, and the community itself may be to blame. Take last week, for example. Because undefeated, No. 6-ranked Tech had a home game against mighty Texas, Lub-



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ward the 60s by kickoff time, because it gave Allison ideal conditions for unleashing the Raiders' passing attack. Royal always has looked askance at the forward pass, and he had little reason to change his opinion in the first period when Tech's Larry Dupre, son of L. G. (Long Gone) Dupre of Baltimore Colts fame, intercepted Mike Cordaro's errant toss and returned the ball to the Texas 13. Three plays later the Red Raiders took a 6-0 lead as Billy Taylor fired into the end zone from the one.

With 7:20 to play, Taylor also scored the game's last touchdown, a carbon copy of his first, after Allison had taken three shots at the goal line from the two and had gained only a yard. "We were so close we didn't want to risk a fumble on a hand-off," said Allison. "I thought I'd made it the first time, and I know I did on the second." But Allison already had made his contribution to the 76-yard drive by running for 22 yards on a bust-ed third-down pass play.

The Raiders' only touchdown came on a tackle-breaking, 15-yard run by Larry Isaac, who picked up 91 yards to surpass Donny Anderson's Tech career rushing record of 2,280 yards in 526 carries. Isaac now has 2,347 yards on 471 carries.

Texas had suffered a serious blow at the end of the first quarter, when Earl Campbell, its 231-pound fullback, was sidelined with a strained left hamstring. Campbell had savaged the middle of the Tech line for 65 yards on seven carries, and without him, Texas was forced to try running outside. The Tech defense concentrated its pursuit in that direction, often forcing Tailback Johnny (Lam) Jones out of bounds before he could turn upfield. The Raiders did not do as well with Jimmy Johnson, a 171-pound freshman who scored three touchdowns, one on a 60-yard sprint. Constanzo, who replaced Cordaro at quarterback in the first period, got the other Longhorn score on a two-yard run.

"We're no rolling ball of butcher knives, but we're a pretty good team," Royal had said of his Longhorns before the game. He is right. Texas is good, but Tech has shown it is better, and no one is more startled—or happier—about that than the erstwhile linebacker, Buell. "If I had thought about it last summer, I would have been surprised to think we'd be unbeaten this far along," he said. "But as each game progressed, we began to

see we have a good team here. It's a different kind of team, sort of like the Miami Dolphins and their No-Name Defense. We don't have any big names, but everybody works as a team. I don't know how this came about—it's a psychological kind of thing—but we've got something here that's exciting."

For bucolic Lubbock, it's been downright mind-bending.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST Arkansas, playing its usual Jaykyl and Hyde game, remained deadlocked with Texas Tech for the Southwest Conference lead. In the first half, the Razorbacks got only four first downs and trailed Rice 7-0. During halftime, Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles bused himself at the locker-room blackboard. "We just drew up two more runs, one pitch and one pass, and then we went out and got with it," he said. Did they ever. In the first 15:39 of the second half the Hogs tallied 34 points. They even scored on their own kickoff late in the third quarter. Free Safety Muskie Haeris grabbing the ball in the Rice end zone for a touchdown when the Owls neglected to down it for a touchback. It all added up to a 41-16 Arkansas victory.

Texas A&M also got off to a slow start in its SWC scrap at SMU, holding a 3-0 halftime lead. Then the Aggies got rolling and finished off the Mustangs 36-0. Fullback George Woodard ripping through SMU for 155 yards. It was the Mustangs' first shutout defeat in conference play in a decade.

Houston, which was leading the conference in rushing, was held to 135 yards by TCU, so the Cougars took to the air. Split End Don Bass caught four touchdown throws—72-, 32- and 64-yards from Danny Davis, and an 11-yard toss from Bubba McGallion—as Houston established an SWC record by passing for 443 yards. And, despite losing half of their 10 fumbles, the Cougars won 49-21.

1. TEXAS TECH (6-0)

2. ARKANSAS (5-1) 3. HOUSTON (5-2)

MIDWEST The unexpected has come to be expected so often in the Big Eight that now one knows what to expect. Up-and-down Missouri seemed well on its way to an upbeat performance when it took a 16-0 lead over Oklahoma State early in the third period. What did it matter that the final PAT for the Tigers—after Joe Stewart's 100-yard kickoff re-

turn—was botched up because the ball was wet? It mattered plenty when Cowboy Running Back Terry Miller scored on runs of 23, two and 10 yards, and Abby Dangle added two extra points for a remarkable 20-19 comeback win. Miller gained 228 yards and Skip Taylor, filling in for injured Running Back Robert Turner, added 106.

Colorado Coach Bill Mallory said he expected the Buffs' game against Oklahoma to be a defensive struggle. As it turned out, he could not have been more wrong—or happier. Oklahoma amassed 438 yards, but its defense, which had been yielding 246, gave up 477 to the Buffaloes. Colorado was down 31-20 midway through the third period when Quarterback Jeff Knappe and Wingback Billy Waddy teamed up on a 70-yard TD pass. Then Fullback Jim Kelleher added his second and third short touchdown runs of the day to bring the Buffaloes back for a 42-31 victory. It was the Sooners' first road loss in four years and the most points they had allowed to Colorado in their 31-game series.

Form did hold true in two other league encounters. Nebraska, which had outscored Kansas 112-0 on its last two visits to Lawrence, eased to a 31-3 win, despite the heroics of Jayhawk Linebacker Terry Beeson, who made 15 unassisted tackles and assisted on seven others. Iowa State drabbed Kansas State 45-14. First place will be at stake this week when Oklahoma State visits Nebraska.

"We need to be tested," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler before taking on Minnesota in a Big Ten game. Alas, the Wolverines hardly had to break a sweat as they won 45-0. Quarterback Rick Leach completed all four of his passes—two to touchdowns—and ran 10 times for 114 yards and another pair of TDs. Rob Lyle went over the 100-yard mark in rushing for the fifth game in a row, this time gaining 129.

Ohio State was tested—for one half. During the first two quarters the Buckeyes lost two of three fumbles, were penalized 43 yards, made just three first downs and struggled to a 12-7 lead over Indiana. After that it was no contest as the Buckeyes went on to win 47-7. Other Big Ten victors were Illinois (31-25 over Wisconsin), Iowa (13-0 over Northwestern) and Michigan State (45-13 over Purdue).

Ball State held on to first place in the Mid-American race, drubbing Northern Illinois 33-7, while Central Michigan moved into the runner-up spot, coming from 14 points back to down Bowling Green 38-28. Western Michigan topped Ohio U. 21-10. Toledo beat Miami of Ohio 24-9 and Kent State walloped Eastern Michigan 38-13.

Note Dame, which broke a school record in the first period against Navy by not allowing a touchdown for the 21st quarter in a row, yielded a pair of TDs to the Middies in the second period and fell behind 14-3. Quarterback Rick Stager then rallied the Irish for

continued

three touchdowns, and Dave Reeve kicked 47- and 24-yard field goals for a 27-21 victory.

**1. MICHIGAN (8-0)
2. NEBRASKA (6-1-1) 3. OHIO ST. (6-1-1)**

SOUTH "I was trying to find a seat on the field so I could sit down and watch. For about 10 seconds I became a fan." That's what Florida Quarterback Jimmy Fisher said as he praised Spirit End Wes Chandler, who caught five of his passes for 163 yards and two touchdowns in a 24-19 win over Auburn. The play Fisher wanted to sit down and watch was a 64-yarder on which Chandler grabbed a pass, broke five tackles and made it all the way to the end zone. (As Chandler came out of the end zone, the Auburn war eagle tried to bite him. Under a new rule prohibiting mascots from interfering with play, the Tigers were penalized 15 yards on the ensuing kickoff.) "He's pure magic," said Fisher, who hit on nine of 14 throws for 251 yards and three touchdowns. Florida, which gained 506 yards in this battle of Southeastern Conference unbeaten, will tangle with Georgia at Jacksonville this Saturday. The winner of that contest will likely wind up as SEC champion and Sugar Bowl host.

"I'd hate to play Cincinnati as a steady diet," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley. His Bulldogs took a 24-3 lead into the fourth quarter and seemed to be on their way to an easy win in this intersectional game. After all, the Georgia "junkyard dog" defense hadn't allowed a point in the fourth quarter all season. But Bearcat Quarterback Art Bailey threw a couple of touchdown passes, and suddenly the Bulldogs' lead had dwindled to 24-17. Two interceptions by Georgia and a three-yard scoring run by Fullback Al Polard ended Cincinnati's resurgence and wrapped up a 38-17 decision.

The Mississippi-LSU game in Baton Rouge shaped up as a close battle. It was close—so the opening 8:08. Then the Tigers scored the first touchdown of a 45-0 rout. Ole Miss, which entered the contest with the best rushing defense in the SEC, allowing just 136.6 yards a game, permitted LSU 426 yards on a school-record 76 carries. During the first half, the Tigers intercepted three passes, recovered an Ole Miss fumble, built a 281-43 advantage in yardage gained and took a 31-0 lead. LSU Tailback Terry Robiskie became the school's all-time leading ground-gainer, running for 129 yards to raise his four-year total to 2,202. Backup Tailback Charles Alexander added 138 yards.

Mississippi State gave Alabama a scare. The Bulldogs led 17-12 at halftime, then tried as the Tide did all the second-half scoring to register a 34-17 SEC victory.

Some people, Big Eight coaches in particular, have suggested that Maryland plays a soft schedule and does not deserve its No. 5 rating in the polls. After Maryland stepped

out of the Atlantic Coast Conference last week and knocked off SEC opponent Kentucky 24-14, Terp Quarterback Mark Manges spoke up. "That's typical Big Eight jargon," he said. "Last year they said they'd wipe up everybody in the bowls and they went 1-4. If we wind up playing a Big Eight team, we'll show them." With Manges breaking two tackles to score from 10 yards out and directing the Terps to successful conversions on 10 third-down plays, Maryland remained unbeaten.

In other non-conference games, Duke trampled Georgia Tech 31-7 and Clemson stopped Florida State 15-12, while North Carolina State lost to South Carolina 27-7 and Virginia was beaten by VMI 13-7. Tech errors and touchdown runs of 10 and 32 yards by Quarterback Mike Dunn made the Blue Devils easy winners. Clemson trailed 9-0 until Quarterback Steve Fuller came off the bench to throw a seven-yard scoring pass and to plunge one yard for the clinching touchdown. Tailback Clarence Williams ran for 105 yards as the Gamecocks downed the Wolfpack. Third-period field goals of 25 and 29 yards by freshman Craig Jones snapped a 7-7 tie and gave VMI its win. Delbert Powell set a North Carolina record by returning a kickoff of 98 yards for a touchdown in the Tar Heels' 34-14 ACC victory over Wake Forest.

In the Southern Conference, Furman upset William and Mary 23-7, Appalachian State beat The Citadel 38-13 and first-place East Carolina scored 10 points in the final period to overtake Western Carolina 24-17.

Virginia Tech improved its record to 6-2 by intercepting five passes and recovering two West Virginia fumbles en route to a 24-7 victory. In another matchup of independents, Memphis State, despite fumbling the ball away for the 26th and 27th times this year, put down Tulane 14-7. Tailback Terrell Middleton earned State victory by rushing for 172 yards and scoring both touchdowns.

**1. MARYLAND (8-0)
2. GEORGIA (7-1) 3. FLORIDA (6-1)**

EAST Villanova trounced Boston College the day before Halloween, but Pitt and Penn State treated themselves to victories. The Wildcats, led by Running Back Vince Thompson's 124 yards, ran over, around and through the Eagles for 330 yards and a 22-3 upset.

After Orange Bowl officials indicated that their No. 1 choice for New Year's Day is Pittsburgh, Syracuse's own Orangemen tried to upset those plans. But with Tony Dorsett (page 20) carrying for 241 yards and two touchdowns, the Panthers won 23-13. A Syracuse total-offense record was set by Quarterback Bill Hurley, who passed for 203 yards, ran for 102 and led the Orangemen to a 13-10 third-quarter lead.

Temple, a 26-25 loser to Penn State last

year, again missed by one point. With 9:29 left, the Owls trailed 31-17. But Terry Gregory, who completed 19 of 35 passes for 290 yards, threw his third and fourth touchdown passes of the day to cut the margin to 31-30 as time ran out. On the try for a two-point conversion, Gregory was forced to hurry his throw and missed his receiver. Chuck Fusina kept Penn State's attack in high gear by hitting on 11 of 19 passes for 219 yards and two touchdowns.

Colgate also narrowly avoided a loss. The undefeated Red Raiders were on the short end of a 14-7 score with less than seven minutes to play against Boston U. Then Colgate Quarterback Bob Relf combined with Bruce Malvern on a 65-yard scoring pass and ran four yards for another TD for a 21-14 win.

Rutgers had no trouble picking up its 15th

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Sophomore Fullback Duke Williams of Eastern Tennessee rushed for 409 yards to set an NAIA record. He carried 42 times and scored on runs of 71, 10, 31 and five yards in a 35-14 win over Montana Tech.

DEFENSE: Maryland's Joe Campbell kept coming against Kentucky, sacking the quarterback once and getting in on 22 tackles. He's 6'6", 255-pound tackle made the initial hit 11 times in the Terps' 24-14 victory.

straight victory 24-7 over Massachusetts. as Mark Twitty hauled in seven passes from Bert Kousp for 135 yards.

Army broke a three-game losing streak by stopping Air Force 24-7. Tight End Glennie Brundidge, whose brother had been killed in a car crash earlier in the week, caught an 18-yard pass from Leamon Hall for the Cadets' first score. Hall, who was sacked six times, completed only six of 14 for 59 yards.

Brown, Yale and Penn parlayed late efforts into fly league wins. The Bruins, who trailed Harvard 7-0 in the second period, zippered up their defense against the Crimson's multiflex offense to rally for a 16-14 victory. And Quarterback Paul Michalko perked up the Bruin aerial game with passes to Bob Farnham, who made five receptions, one a leaping grab of a 10-yard toss in the end zone. Last-place Cornell gave Yale fits before succumbing 14-6. Steve Skrovan and Kurt Non-dorf each stole two Cornell passes, and the Yale defense twice stopped long Big Red drives in the fourth period. After taking his last time out with 47 seconds to go and the ball on the Princeton 31, Penna Quarterback Bob Graustein rifled a pass to Bill Cicciolla for 23 yards. Then, with 17 seconds remaining, Graustein passed the final eight yards to Cicciolla, and Tim Mazzetti ended the decisive PAT in the Quakers' 10-9 win. While others struggled, Dartmouth romped past



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fumbling Columbus 34-14. All of which left Yale and Brown tied for first place in the Ivy with 4-1 records, while Harvard and Dartmouth were one game back.

1. PITTSBURGH (8-0)

2. RUTGERS (8-0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (5-2)

WEST UCLA moved a step closer to its season-ending Pac 8 showdown with USC by winning at Washington for the first time since 1958. The Huskies had a sound game plan, contain Bruin Quarterback Jeff Dankworth and the wide maneuver off the veer option. So Dankworth resorted to the dive play off the veer, handing the ball to the first back through. As often as not that first runner was Theotis Brown, who set a UCLA record by rambling for 220 yards—including touchdown jaunts of 15, 29 and 51 yards—all off the dive. Third-stringer Halfback James Owens ran for another 123 yards as the Bruins dominated the Huskies 32-15 in first downs and 520-243 in yards gained. Still, with Joe Steele scoring on an 89-yard kickoff return, the Huskies gave the Bruins a battle before losing 30-21.

Although Joe Roth and Fred Besana completed 21 of 43 passes for 201 yards, the only scores California got against USC came on field goals. Ricky Bell and his sub, Charles White, ran for 169 yards as the Trojans won 20-6.

Accurate passing propelled Stanford and Washington State to Pac 8 wins. Guy Benjamin completed 22 of 37 attempts for 233 yards and three touchdowns as the Cardinals beat Oregon State 24-3. Jack Thompson of the Cougars, who completed 18 of 33 for 249 yards, was at his best in the late going. Trailing 22-15 with barely three minutes left, Thompson directed an 86-yard scoring drive during which he completed eight passes. With 19 seconds to go and the Cougars still down 22-21, Thompson connected with Dan Doornink for a two-point conversion and a one-point triumph over Oregon.

Field goals provided the winning margin in two WAC games. Tom Drake, who had kicked three-pointers from 32, 40 and 28 yards, booted a 31-yarder with 1:26 left to give Colorado State a 19-16 upset win over first-place Wyoming. Second-half field goals of 39, 43 and 29 yards by Lee Pastor, plus three TD passes by Marc Lunsford, carried Arizona past Utah 38-35. Arizona State and Brigham Young came out gunning. At the end of a wild first quarter, State led 21-17. That was all the ammunition the Sun Devils had, but the Cougars, with 6' 5" Gifford Nielsen passing for 339 yards and two touchdowns, kept firing away. In the end, BYU came out on top 43-21 as the two teams tossed 76 passes for 739 yards.

1. UCLA (7-0-1)

2. USC (6-1) 3. WYOMING (6-2)



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Wiping out a clean sweep

IF KEYSTONE ORE HAD WON THE MESSENGER HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN PACING'S TRIPLE CROWN, BUT WINDSHIELD WIPER GOT HOME FIRST, AS THE SEER FORESAW

The Messenger Stakes, third jewel in pacing's Triple Crown, is named after a horse that didn't race all that well nearly 200 years ago and was so ill-tempered that he kicked his groom to death. So it seemed biocentennially appropriate that this year's Messenger was won by a like-mannered colt that regularly kicks and bites and doesn't always try as hard as he should.

Windshield Wiper roared from the back of the field at New York's Roosevelt Raceway to win the \$161,290 pace as Driver Billy Haughton solidified the hold he appears to have on the Messenger: it was the seventh time he had won it and his third in a row. And by getting home in a fairly pedestrian 2:00, three-quarters of a length ahead of Keystone Ore, the heavy betting favorite driven by Stanley Dancer, Haughton thoroughly muddled the question of which of an exceptional crop is this season's best 3-year-old pacer. Dancer and Ore could have settled the matter, having already made off with the Cane Pace and the Little Brown Jug, the first two pacing jewels.

That Dancer would fail had been foretold by a Naugatuck, Conn. psychic named Ed Snedeker, who has been busy earning himself a reputation as a harness racing clairvoyant and healer of ail-

ing standardbreds. Windshield Wiper would win on the night before Halloween, said Snedeker, followed by Ore. And while his predictions for the remaining order of finish were off-base, his forecast was heavy enough stuff for Haughton. He plans to send a snapshot of one of his physically impaired horses, along with \$150, to Snedeker who, in turn, says he will run his hands over the photograph, determine where the problem lies and prescribe treatment. "Billy is a sucker for this sort of thing," says Haughton's wife Dorothy.

Windshield Wiper, who has been known to react with a kick if touched with a whip when racing for home, has been an enigma this season. Although he has won only six of 22 starts, Wiper has been in the money 17 times and earned \$188,395—a considerable sum except when compared with Ore's \$469,302. But Ore had beaten Wiper 13 times and was obviously in a class by himself. A victory in the Messenger, worth some \$80,000, would have put him within a few dollars of Albatross' single-season record earnings (\$558,009 in 1971) for a harness horse.

Two weeks before the Messenger, however, Wiper defeated Ore at Freehold, N.J. He still got no respect. The

feeling was that Ore had worn himself out against Oil Burner, another hot 3-year-old in the race, leaving Wiper with the edge. After the Freehold win, Haughton put Wiper out to pasture for a week at his palatial Long Island home, an establishment worthy of the sport's all-time leading money-winner—about \$25 million since 1949. Wiper's disposition didn't noticeably improve.

On the eve of the Messenger, Billy confessed, "Unless Stanley gets in trouble, I'm not going to beat him." Dancer did get into trouble and so did Haughton. The draw had given both of them starting positions in the second tier of the 11-horse field, and they both had to spend most of the race trying to find a way through the heavy traffic, which at times resembled that on the notorious Long Island Expressway. At the head of the stretch Haughton found himself an unpromising sixth. Then Dancer drove Ore through a small opening and into the lead. Haughton followed him and swung to the outside, guiding Wiper past Ore with 50 yards to go. Third was Raven Hanover, driven by George Sholly.

"At the half-mile, I didn't think I was going to win a nickel," said Haughton. "And I wasn't feeling all that much better as we started home." Dancer had no excuse: he has won one pacing Triple Crown and two for trotters and said, "It's no disgrace to be second." Even so, it was a discouraging finish to a campaign that had both crests and troughs for Dancer. In the Hambletonian early in September, his top trotter, Nevele Thunder, broke a leg. His 12-year-old daughter Shalee got hit in the head with a golf ball and has been suffering recurring migraine headaches. And last week his 27-year-old son Ronnie was severely kicked by one of brother Vernon Dancer's yearlings, and at the time of the Messenger was lying gravely ill in a Philadelphia hospital.

So while Stanley Dancer will earn more than \$1 million this year, he gives the season mixed reviews, the fact that his crop of 2-year-olds has begun to look unusually good is one of the pluses.

Somewhere Messenger must surely be pleased that a kindred spirit won his race. Although the progenitor of today's standardbred was foul-tempered, ugly and unable to trot or pace well, the horses he sired sure could. If Windshield Wiper turns out to be a fraction that good, everybody will make money.



HAUGHTON AND WIPER FOLLOWED DANCER AND ORE (1A) THROUGH A HOLE, THEN WENT WIDE

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IS THE 23-YEAR-OLD U.S. OPEN CHAMP
COCKY OR CONFIDENT? ASK THE ROOKIE

Pate has the answer down pat

On the second day of the U.S. Open last June, Jerry Pate, a 22-year-old rookie and the youngest player on the PGA tour, said, "There is a fine line between confidence and cockiness, and maybe I've crossed it a few times. I don't know. But when people say I'm cocky I ask them, where would I be if I didn't believe in myself?" Forty-eight hours later Pate hit a supremely confident five-iron from the rough beside the 18th fairway of the Atlanta Athletic Club's Highland Course and set loose the sort of happy bedlam that only occurs when 30,000 people realize simultaneously that they

have just been witness to a memorable moment.

With that shot, and the 22-inch birdie putt that followed, Jerry Pate settled the matter for good. If you win the U.S. Open on the 72nd hole with a shot that is both breathtakingly bold and perfectly executed, nobody gets to call you a cocky kid ever again.

Last week the confident young man with the wonderful swing that the USGA's Frank Hammigan has described as "Miller from the waist up and Nicklaus from the waist down," was home in Florida playing unofficial host to the Pensacola Open, the next to the last stop on the PGA tour. The tournament was being played on Pate's home course, the Pensacola Country Club, and despite the presence of Tom Weiskopf, Hubert Green and Lee Trevino, Pate was its main drawing card. The responsibility he felt for the welfare of the players, spectators, press and the weather, which was awful enough to cause the cancellation of Saturday's round, almost overwhelmed him. He shot 75 the first day and looked like a sure thing to miss the cut until his exuberant blonde wife Soozi told him she would divorce him if he did. He shot a 67 on Friday and didn't.

Pate is closing out the best year any tour rookie has ever had. Besides the U.S. Open, Pate won the Canadian Open in July with a record-breaking final-round 63 that beat Nicklaus and his 65 by four strokes and the \$300,000 Taiheyo Masters in Japan. He is 10th on the year's money list with more than \$150,000 in winnings, and he is being mentioned along with Nicklaus, Green, Ben Cren-

shaw and Raymond Floyd in speculation about the PGA Player of the Year.

Pate is 23 now, the latest in golf's long line of illustrious college dropouts. He owns an apartment that looks out on the Gulf of Mexico and he drives a new Thunderbird when he is at home. He has a contract with Wilson Sporting Goods, and his name has begun to pop up lately in ads for luxury goods such as Rolex watches. His business manager is Vinny Giles, who like Pate is a former U.S. Amateur champion.

"When I first saw him play a few years ago," says Giles, "I thought, here's somebody who could be an unusually good player. Never in my life had I seen anyone at that age with as much natural tempo and as solid a swing."

"My father is a real good player with a super swing," says Pate. "My tempo probably came from him."

Patrick J. Pate Jr., father of Jerry and five other Pates ranging in age from 16 to 27, and a five-handicapper known to his golfing companions as Light Eight Pate ("What d'ya hit, Pat?" "Oh, a light eight"), is as excitable as his son is composed. In fact, before the Open in Atlanta an agreement was reached, somehow, between father and son that it would be best if father absented himself during the tournament. "I didn't want to bother him, I get nervous and that makes him nervous," said Pat in a relatively calm moment last week.

"It would be all right," said Soozi, "if he just watched like a normal person. But he does this." And Soozi demonstrated, darting around her living room from one imaginary tree to another.

Pat Pate, an executive of the Hygeia Bottling Co., a franchise of Coca-Cola, attended a meeting in Atlanta on Tuesday of Open week, then spent the night with Soozi and Jerry in their rented house near the course. On Wednesday, Pat walked a practice round with his son and then left for a meeting on Thursday in Birmingham. On Thursday evening, he says, he phoned a Birmingham paper for the scores and then went to bed. "But I couldn't stand it. I woke up at 2 a.m. and called Delta and said, 'What's the next flight to Atlanta?'" Early Friday morning he was on the course, wearing a raincoat with the collar turned up, a hat with the brim turned down and a

continued



SOOZI SMILED WHEN JERRY MADE THE CUT

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GOLF continued

newly purchased pair of mirrored sunglasses. The first person he saw was Vinny Giles, who said, "Hi, Mr. Pate."

"But I was there through the whole round and I saw Soozie up close twice and she didn't recognize me. I watched till I saw Jerry come out of the scorer's tent and then I left the course and flew home."

That night the phone conversation went like this: "Daddy, I shot 69. I three-potted the last two holes."

"I know. You were tired."

"Yes, I was. How did you know?"

"I saw you."

"Soozie, come here."

Pause.

"You weren't there," Soozie said. "I'd have seen you."

"You had your hair up and you were wearing a red halter outfit and the U.S. Open visor I gave you."

"You were there."

Although Jerry Pate has been playing golf since he was six and won his first silver tea service at 10 with a birdie on the last hole of the Southeastern Juniors in Columbus, Ga., until he was 20 his successes had been local and regional. He had no national reputation because he had never played the big-time amateur tournaments—the Western, Southern and Eastern Amateurs, the Porter Cup, the North and South—that lead up to the U.S. Amateur at the end of the summer. These days the cost of a summer on that circuit is somewhere between \$10,000 and \$12,000, a lot of money for one child in a six-child family.

Pate's teacher for his last two years of high school was former University of Florida Golf Coach Conrad Rehling, the man who had nurtured two U.S. Amateur champions before Pate, Bob Murphy and Steve Melnyk, and who had coached several other golfers onto the pro tour, Frank Beard and Doug Sanders among them. After two years at West Florida University in Pensacola, Rehling wound up at Alabama at the same time Pate did, the fall of 1971.

"I wanted to go to the University of Georgia because my father had," says Pate, "but I couldn't get any scholarship aid there. They were SEC champions and they were looking for the best players in the country, not just the best in Pensacola."

At Alabama, Pate won three minor

continued

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GOLF continued

college tournaments in his sophomore year, but he devoted as much energy to being the playboy of the southeastern world as he did to his golf, or so they say. The next year, however, when he entered and won the Florida Amateur he caught a glimpse of the larger pond.

"Late in my junior year I said, 'Conrad, how can I be good?' And he said, 'Play in as many tournaments as you possibly can, all the big ones. See how good you are, compare yourself to the best.'"

Pate followed Rehling's advice and finished second several times that year, earning a reputation for blowing leads in the last round. One he lost was the SEC tournament, which in turn caused Alabama to lose the conference All-Sports Trophy to Tennessee by half a point. Another was the Chris Schenkel Intercollegiate, one of the better college tournaments in the Southeast. He lost that one to Curtis Strange of Wake Forest by dropping three shots over the last nine holes.

That summer Pate played the amateur circuit for the first time, creditably, but without a win outside of Florida, so that when he qualified for the U.S. Amateur he was an unknown quantity. His defeat of George Burns in the fourth round, 2 and 1, was considered an upset, Burns having won the Porter Cup and the North and South.

Pate became the 1974 Amateur champion by coming from behind in the final match to beat John Grace, a Fort Worth real estate man, 2 and 1.

"He seemed to come alive after that," Frank Hannigan recalls. "Beginning that fall he won six straight college tournaments."

In March of 1975 Pate entered the Jacksonville Open, his first pro tournament, and with nine holes to play he was one shot off the lead. "Then I fell apart and finished 17th," he says. Next he played the Heritage at Hilton Head and finished tied for 38th. By virtue of his Amateur win he was invited to the Masters in April, and there managed at least to make the cut. At Pensacola he was sixth, two shots behind the winner, and at the Open at Medinah in June, in which he was also an automatic qualifier, he tied for 18th.

In five pro tournaments he had not missed a cut and he had earned a theoretical \$13,000. "I thought to myself, if

continued

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After the Open, Pate decided to forgo a degree in marketing from Alabama, which would have required at least another semester, and to turn pro, even though he would not be able to join the tour until after going to the qualifying school in November. He borrowed \$4,000 from his father's boss, Crawford Rainwater, and set off for the British Open at Carnoustie, where he failed to qualify. "I was 3,000 miles from home, it had cost me a lot of money to get there, and I did worry that I might have made a mistake turning pro." Confidence returned, however, when decent finishes in the Swiss and Scandinavian Opens allowed him to return Rainwater's money 52 days after he had borrowed it. He has been on his own ever since.

After he had won the qualifying-school tournament in early November, Jerry and Suzie were married, and in Jan-

uary the couple was out on the tour. Through the first half of April, Pate had earned \$16,000, but when he missed the cut at New Orleans and missed it again the next week at Houston, his vaunted confidence began to crumble. He had made the mistake a lot of faltering rookies do. He had begun listening to advice about his swing. In Houston he phoned Rehlings and the two talked for an hour and a half. "He told me to keep playing my own game and to wait," says Pat.

From then on Pate's progress was steady—34th at Dallas, 14th at Colonial, 12th at Memphis, fourth at Muirfield, third at Philadelphia. He arrived in Atlanta for the Open with his old overconfidence back in good shape. Vinny Giles was in the gallery on the third day as his client crossed from the 8th green to the 9th tee. Pate had begun the round tied for third with Ben Crenshaw and Rod Funseth at even par, but he had dropped four strokes in the first four holes. By

the 9th he had gotten three of them back. As he saw Giles, Pate called out, "Hello, Vinny, did you see me play the first four holes?" Giles replied that he had and that he did not very much like what he had seen. "It was bad luck," said Pate. "I didn't hit a single bad shot."

"That's what I like about Jerry," says Giles. "There is no way he could have thought he played those first holes worth a damn, but he never lost faith in himself. He played the next eight holes in five under, parred in from there, and instead of a 78 or 80 he wound up with a 69. That's what won him the golf tournament."

At midnight on Open Sunday, 15 pounds lighter than he had started the year, the young Open champion boarded a chartered plane bound for a pro-am in Amana, Iowa, where the next day policemen would link arms and form a human chain to see him safely from green to tee.

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PHOENIX' ROBBIE FTOREK WEIGHS 150 POUNDS, BUT HE CARRIES A BIG STICK

From the days when he sneaked into the Boston Garden under his father's coat to the days when he filled that building as a 16-year-old high school player, from the Sapporo Olympics to the Detroit Red Wings and now, finally, to the Phoenix Roadrunners, he has always been known as Little Robbie Ftoerek. They call him the "Bobby Clarke of the World Hockey Association," and he has scored more points (113) in a major league season than any other American-born player, but his biography starts with 5' 9" and 160 pounds. Depending on what he ate last, Ftoerek (pronounced Fatoerek) claims he weighs somewhere between 148 and 152 pounds. Even at his heaviest, Ftoerek still is the lightest player in big-league hockey.

"The first time I was on the ice as a pro, this 6' 4", 225-pound guy named Rick Foley came charging at me from halfway across the rink, and I thought I was going to have a one-shift career," Ftoerek says. "But I surprised myself. I got out of the way at the last second, and he ended up hurting himself. So here I am today." Here he is today, age 24, leader of the financially crippled Roadrunners, the MVP of Team USA in the recent Canada Cup series and a WHA All-Star. What seems to please Ftoerek most, though, is the fact that he is one of only six players—Canadian, American, whatever—to amass 100 points and 100 penalty minutes in the same season.

Ftoerek (the name is Czechoslovakian) grew up in the Boston suburb of Needham and ranks with the late Harry Agganis as the area's most celebrated high school athlete of the post-World War II era. He led Needham to two state hockey championships and regularly lured capacity crowds to the Boston Garden. Nonetheless, the pros told Ftoerek he was too little to make any money in the game.

So he went to Halifax, Nova Scotia and played junior hockey and later made the 1972 U.S. Olympic team. Detroit signed him after Sapporo, but with the exception of 15 games with the Red Wings, he spent the next two seasons playing for their Virginia farm club. Seeing Detroit as a dead end, Ftoerek jumped to Phoenix and the WHA. "What no one ever measured in Ftoerek," says the Phoenix

coach, Al Rollins, "was what he does with quickness. And he probably has the most intense dedication of anybody in hockey today."

Ftoerek has had 72 goals and 109 assists in his two Phoenix seasons, and now Rollins fully appreciates this kid who could qualify for a *Boys' Life* centerfold. "I'd better," says Rollins, "because he's my meal ticket." So, worried that Ftoerek's 150 pounds will burn out by April, Rollins regularly bars him from off-day practices. "He's the first one on the ice every day—and the last to leave," says Rollins. "He thanks a practice should be approached like a playoff game."

Ftoerek is an ascetic; he drinks nothing stronger than Coke—not even coffee—and he will not allow his wife to come to training camp. Last year John Gray, Ftoerek's roommate, woke up at 3:30 a.m. and found Ftoerek studiously working on a list of things he wanted to accomplish during that day's practice. Gray screamed that he had had enough, and when Ftoerek returned from breakfast, his bags were in the hotel hallway.

Like Philadelphia's Clarke, Ftoerek is a tireless forechecker at one end and back-checker at the other, one of those players who always appear to be chasing—or being chased by—the puck. A deft playmaker, he centers the "Lightning Line" for Gray and Del Hall, and last season they combined for 123 goals.

Ftoerek is among the WHA's top 10 scorers this season, with 11 goals and five assists for 16 points, and he has the Roadrunners in second place in the Western Division. In a recent game against Bobby Hull's Winnipeg Jets, the defending WHA champion, he scored the winning goal in Phoenix' 4-3 victory as he beat Joe Daley with less than five minutes to play. Then Ftoerek helped preserve the lead in the final minute with some superior penalty killing.

The little guy is the unquestioned leader of the Roadrunners. One time last season he was so upset by the home crowd's booing of a teammate that he invited himself onto the postgame radio show and defended his teammate. He also is the prosecuting attorney/judge of the club's kangaroo court. "See this?" Ftoerek says, pulling out a little notebook. "All the fines. For anything—missing a bus, leaving stuff in the locker room for the trainer to pick up. We raise a lot of money." Instead of squandering the money for team parties, Ftoerek sends flowers to fans' weddings or funerals. On one occasion he paid the team's laundry bill during a preseason tour of Finland. At Ftoerek's prodding, the Phoenix players also have chipped in to buy season tickets that they donate to local charities. All this has helped keep the struggling Phoenix franchise financially afloat, but the club may soon wind up at Household Finance.

If that happens, Little Robbie Ftoerek will send the flowers. **END**



FTOREK IS CALLED THE BOBBY CLARKE OF THE WHA

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Arctic Martini.



A man and a woman, both dressed in thick, brown fur coats with large white fur collars, are smiling and holding martini glasses. They are standing behind a white table. On the table, there is a bottle of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, a glass of ice and water, a lemon, and a bucket of ice. The background is a dark, textured blue.

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container of ice.
But make sure you use the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry.

THE DOCTOR WHO MAKES FIGHT CALLS

Never one to say "Take two uppercuts and call me in the morning," this physician cares for the denizens of a classic training gym

by **DR. FERGIE PACHECO**



The Doc's famous patient hates needles in the knuckles.



CONTINUED

Ferdie Pacheco, M.D., is 48 years old. He is an art collector, a painter and caricaturist and he conducts two medical practices, one for charity in the Miami black ghetto. Dr. Pacheco also is a sports nut who has found the perfect outlet in working as a fight doctor, treating boxing heroes and bums alike. Since 1950 he has worked thousands of fights and ministered to nine world champions, most notably Muhammad Als, whom he also serves as personal physician. Along the way, Dr. Pacheco has kept a journal that has grown to book length. Here are excerpts.

The last perfect example of a boxing gym is located above the drugstore at the corner of Washington Avenue and Fifth Street in Miami Beach. It is on the ghetto side of town and it is the jewel of the world. There once was Stillman's Gym in New York; now it is long gone. There still is Gleason's Gym there; no contest. With the fight game sputtering out, there simply are no other training gyms in the country alive with action. Only the Fifth Street Gym hums with activity. It is full of fighters in all stages of their careers, every one getting ready to step into harm's way.

Gym activity depends on fight activity. In Miami Beach we are fortunate to have Chris Dundee, the last dynamo among boxing promoters. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety of his fight cards made from zero talent. Dundee puts on shows with what he has and builds local fighters into international attractions. For more than 25 years he has pitched together fight cards by cajoling, conning, gently blackmailing, threatening, conniving and convincing fighters to work for him for the money available. The result is that he has staged some truly great fight nights in Miami Beach. He also has had some mediocre ones and some real Smell-Os. But mainly, he has had fights, and that is why the Fifth Street Gym is alive and well.

The gym looks like it was built as a set for a bad boxing movie. First there are the stairs going up. The stairway alone is worth the trip if you are a student of decay and the damage that can be worked by generations of termites. To add to the peril, the stairwell is lit by a solitary naked bulb, perhaps 15 watts, and at the top, the entryway is guarded by a gnome. Admission to the Fifth Street Gym is just 50¢, and because that money makes up part of his salary, the guard is ever alert for what he calls "mud turtles" — freeloaders who try to slip by without paying up.

In close-up, the gnome turns out to be Emmett (The Great) Sullivan, also known as Sully. He is a refugee from the cold and harsh life of the

New York jungle; he is stooped now and virtually toothless. His clothes hang loosely on him. His cigar is clenched in the corner of his mouth, and a brown dribble of tobacco juice courses down a withered jawline onto his shirt collar.

Sully's main concern is that someone will sneak past him without paying the four bits. Once, author Willfrid Sheed, working on a boxing book, tried to breeze through by airily murmuring, "Press."

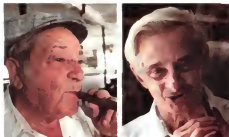
"Yeah, press your pants," Sully growled. "Come up with the four bits, you mud turtle." Sheed coughed up the money, and Sully pocketed it, muttering, "Press. Huh. Press."

When things get tough and he faces certain personnel problems, Chris Dundee has drafted Sully into service as a cornerman. However, some Miami Beach fighters are loath to have the old man in the corner because of his disconcerting habit of keeping the cigar in his mouth during a fight. Jerry Powers, a lightweight known as the Prince of Second Avenue, a veteran of more than 300 fights, was struggling through a dreary four-rounder in Miami Beach one night when he suddenly quit between rounds. Alarmed, I ran to the dressing room to see what had happened.

"Aw, Doc, it wasn't the fight," Powers told me. "It was just that the old man kept burning me on the shoulder with his cigar every time he reached for the water bucket."

Behind Sully and his cigar, you can see that while the Fifth Street Gym is large, it somehow seems small because of the number of people engaged in frenetic physical activity. Two of the walls are lined with dirty windows, on them some long-forgotten da Vinci painted a pair of boxing gloves and the letters GYM in yellow on a red background. The paint is appropriately faded and peeling. The floors are in the same state of advanced decay as the stairs, having been worn thin by the shuffle of feet and the slapping of jumping ropes. The floor has been patched here and there with slabs of plywood; some years ago an attempt was made to repair and paint it, but the dry wood merely sucked up the paint, while the plywood continued to wear. It is clear that the pharmacist downstairs is in danger of being hit by a falling heavyweight.

There is a rope extending from Sully's table at the entrance to the ring used by Sully to the ring used for sparring sessions. To the left of the ring are wooden benches for spectators, seldom used unless Ali or some other famous fighter is in town. In a near corner is Chris Dundee's desk, with a cracked glass top and a telephone with a lock on the dial. Chris is well aware of the propensity of the fight crowd for making long-distance telephone calls. Whenever



Cigars poised, Moe Flescher and Emmett Sullivan are gym regulars.

er someone calls up asking for money, Dundee feigns deafness.

Not long ago, one such call was made collect, and Dundee went into his act with the operator. She persisted while he stayed calm; he couldn't hear her. She spoke back to the caller, and once again Dundee professed not to be able to hear. "I guess we've got a bad connection, honey," he said. The voice on the other end grew frantic: "I can hear him, operator. Tell him I need five hundred bucks today to bail out of a jam."

"I can't hear a thing, operator," Dundee said.

The operator grew exasperated. "Well, I can hear him perfectly well, Mr. Dundee. He says he needs five hundred dollars."

"If you can hear him, honey," Dundee said, "you loan him the five hundred."

By contrast, Chris' brother, Angelo Dundee, may be the softest touch in all of boxing. Angelo still has one old fighter borrowing money who has not fought in five years, nor will he ever fight again. Once every month he labors up the dark flight of stairs at the Fifth Street Gym, dons his fighting togs and reels around the floor in a pathetic pantomime of a boxer training for a bout. At the end of this sad exhibition, he touches Angelo for the monthly loan. Angelo is now down more than \$10,000 to this man. So much for the typical picture of the bloodthirsty trainer who is still sucking money from a finished fighter.

This is the Fifth Street Gym and its people. This is where, years ago, my association with Ali began.

March 1962—Angelo called to say he was sending over a new kid for a cold shot. He also said that this was the new kid they were high on and to treat him extra nice. As I was hanging up, a young giant walked into the office and began a nonstop conversation that has lasted 14 years.

My initial impression of Cassius Clay was that he was very nervous and was covering up his anxiety with whistling-in-the-graveyard type of talk. He was certainly a superb specimen, and he was certainly handsome, and he really could talk. Now if he could only fight.

On this quiet day in my office in the central Miami black ghetto, Clay was mainly intent on talking me out of the shot and into giving him oral medication. (Through 14 years he has taken hundreds of needles from me, but he has changed little in his dislike of them.) We did a slow bull-



Celebrity-in-training Roberto Duran offers championship counsel to a young fighter

fight verónica, with me as the matador and Clay as the bull. He twisted and turned until finally I lunged at him and injected him.

"Oh, you're sumption' else, Doc," he said. "I didn't feel a thing."

He knew I was going to the gym, and I gave him a ride in my new Cadillac. He was telling me all about cars and what he was going to do when he won the title. Some kid, I thought; he hasn't gotten started yet, and he's talking about what cars he is going to own and what he is going to do with all his money.

Clay had been sent to Angelo for training. For lack of better housing, he was put in the Mary Elizabeth Hotel in the ghetto on Second Avenue. The Mary Elizabeth was a hellhole of pimps, hookers, drug dealers, winos and general bad guys. Into this abyss came the innocent boy athlete, and a strange thing happened. Because of his gregarious nature, his size and accomplishments, Clay was adopted by the hustlers. They protected him. That hotel was totally committed to gratifying the carnal senses and desires. Yet Cassius Clay held on to his innocence and his sense of destiny. At this stage of his career he had adopted a Spartan attitude and held that his body was his future. His one ambition was to be the heavyweight champion, and he had not deviated from it since he had been a kid.

At night, Clay's new friends would entice him down the street to a lively cabaret called the Sir John and there, in the company of some of the sleaziest characters in the ghetto, the kid would groove on the night life. He would sit and watch, quietly sipping an orange juice. No one forced him to have any booze, and nobody suggested drugs to him; he was protected by the hustlers, and they took pride in him. Sisales passed him admiringly. If beautiful, long-legged, full-bottomed ladies, strutting by with their pimps, paused, someone would say, "Naw, not him. He's fighting next week in L.A. What you trying to do, hurt our man?" At a reasonable hour, Clay would get up and walk the two blocks to his hellhole room and pass the night by himself.

At dawn he would get up and do roadwork on Biscayne Boulevard, in front of my residential area, Bay Point. While he ran, I slept; and when I began my day in my office, he slept. Then we both would go to the gym at midday by different routes. I would get into my air-conditioned Cadillac and cruise over the MacArthur Causeway, sometimes passing the young Cassius Clay, running with a sort of race-

continued

horse beauty in his heavy work boots. He would wave and smile, and I would think, "That is going to be some tough nut for Sonny Liston to crack."

February 1964—Cassius Clay was now Muhammad Ali. We gathered for the weigh-in, and everyone was in a state of high excitement except Angelo, who was typically unaware of anything but the job at hand, his highly professional mind working on the practical details of the weigh-in and the psychological warfare that was about to begin.

Sugar Ray Robinson, a hero of Ali's youth, had been brought in at heavy expense and was attempting to talk some sense of decorum into the kid. Ali listened attentively, nodding his head vigorously in agreement. Yes, yes, this was the biggest event of his life and the biggest sports event of the year; yes sir, yes sir. He was aware that he had acted childishly in the past but this was for the whole ball of wax; and, no sir, he would not do anything to bring disgrace on his race or on Sugar Ray or on any of the other pros who were with him. Yes, yes, and get lost, Sugar Ray.

At the door of the Miami Beach Convention Hall—the same place where, as a raw beginner pro, he had stepped in to work with Ingo Johansson as a sparring partner and made a monkey out of him—Ali paused to take stock of the scene. More than 800 newsmen from all over the world were in attendance. Then, suddenly, he hit the door at full stride, with his assistant trainer, Bundini Brown, struggling to keep up, hanging on to his robe belt. Both were at full voice, shouting their old war slogans for the millionth time: Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, rumble, young man, rumble!

Sonny Liston's head snapped around, and there he was, reduced to a mere spectator at his own weigh-in. The war of nerves was over. Sonny was down for the count. His misfeared psychological ploy was taken from him, and he could no longer stand on a commanding perch, glaring menacingly down on a cowed adversary. Soon the place was in pandemonium. Most reporters had picked Sonny, in fact, only eight out of the 800 had picked Ali.

Now the fighters were literally nose to nose, and, surprise of surprises, Ali was taller and bigger than the Bear. As has happened to many a hapless victim, Sonny had underestimated Ali's size because of his baby features and his smooth, seemingly unmuscle body.

Now Ali was touching the Bear. Newsmen instinctively recoiled. *There goes the fight, everyone thought, as Ali towered, yelled and generally unnerved Liston, who could not believe what was happening to his act.* Bundini excelled in moments like this; he had a never-ending variety of catchy phrases and a loud mouth, and although he was safely behind Ali, he was not cowed or scared by Liston and made it obvious to all Sugar Ray fought to keep from falling off the stage. He would not have been the first to be knocked off a stage by the runway team of Ali and Bundini. Angelo smiled helplessly at the press. He knew the act was killing Liston, and he loved it. To his credit, he has never stopped a winning ploy and is willing to do anything to win a fight. Angelo Dundee was the only person there who knew Ali was going to win. Many thought he might but no one knew it, and certainly no one admitted thinking it before the fight. After the fight, the experts who picked Ali were plentiful.

At this point in the story, it is well to reflect on how some newspapermen become pundits. They simply predict a fact and then work like hell to make their prediction come true. Enter the late Jimmy Cannon. Jimmy was one fine writer but not the most lovable of men. Acid is the word that springs to mind when I think of little Jimmy Cannon embattled on all fronts—mad at the airlines that brought him, mad at the hotel that housed him, the restaurant that fed him, the promotion, the promoters, the fighters, his colleagues, and generally mad at the world. Still, Jimmy could make a story happen.

Cannon had been writing that Ali was scared to death, and ergo, this act was that of a hysterical man on the way to the gallows. Many bought this idea and wrote it, and so a spark was born. At the time of the weigh-in, the doctor on the Miami Beach Boxing Commission was Dr. Alex Robbins, an irascible type with a no-nonsense approach. Imagine his chagrin when he had to examine Ali and found his blood pressure to be 200/100, with his pulse galloping out of control. The fight was threatened. What was the cause of this hypertension? Dr. Robbins was stuck. In doubt as to the reason for such a strange condition, he looked around for help from a friendly face, Jimmy Cannon, and into the next chair and whispered, "Could it be that the kid is scared to death, Doc?"

A small bulb lit in Dr. Robbins' head and he nodded gravely. "Yes, yes, Mr. Cannon. This fighter is scared to death and if his blood pressure is the same at fight time, it is all off."

Pandemonium again. I am appointed to go to Ali's house and take his blood pressure hourly to assure everyone that he is O.K. in case of litigation.

The ride is pure joy. Bundini and the crowd are in high spirits. They are sure they whipped the ole Bear's head good. Ali is in great spirits. We enter Ali's house. I walk into Ali's bedroom. He smiles serenely and thrusts out his arm. I take my first blood pressure: 120/80. Normal. I look at Ali, who is as cool as a snake and smiling. I try to look serious. "Why did you do that, Ali?" I ask. "Why did you act so nutty up there in front of all those people?"

He leaned forward, whispering, in the time-honored way that both gets your attention and commands your respect. "Because Liston thinks I am a nür. He is scared of no man, but he is scared of a nut because he doesn't know what I am going to do."

It was then that I made up my mind to bet a sizable chunk on Ali. Liston did not stand a chance against this wacky kid. Ali went off at 6-1 and we all cleaned up.

The second Liston fight, in Lewiston, Maine, began with a trim, fleet Ali circling and a ponderous Sonny chasing him with his familiar Chicago-style shuffle. His timing was predictable in that he had to shuffle forth with two steps and on the third throw a left jab. Set and repeat. Ali was there through the first two steps but was gone by the third, and Liston was whistling that heavy artillery jab into the still Maine air. Two and a half minutes into the round, Liston had caught a few good Ali counterpunches but had not landed anything effective as yet and was becoming impatient and abandoned in his attack. At this moment, the Phantom Punch was uncorked.

continued

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Ali had a cute maneuver wherein he used the rope to play off and throw a sneaky short overhand right over an opponent's extended left jab. I have seen him do this in the gym hundreds of times and have seen him catch fighters completely off guard in many bouts with this cute move, but I must confess I never saw anybody go down with that shot. Now, many years later, looking at the films for the hundredth time, I see Liston's face turn with the punch, his eyes blink; he loses his equilibrium and falls. At the time, I did not see anything but Liston falling, but Liston was hit with that one-in-a-million shot. Even he was mortal, and even he had one spot that would short-circuit his brain for an instant. I agree, Ali is not a devastating puncher, but when he has to, when the chips are down, he knocks them out.

Back to Lewiston. Liston rests on his back, momentarily looking up into another world. The referee moves in to start his count—but wait, several factors that have been overlooked now come to light and have a terrific meaning in this travesty. First, the referee is Jerry Joe Walcott, the old champ. Nice as a celebrity; wrong as a referee. He had never handled a fight of this magnitude. Referees are true professionals, and there is no such thing as a good amateur celebrity referee. And so it happened that Walcott let this fight slip away from him.

When Liston fell, Ali was supposed to go to a neutral corner. Until he did so, no count could begin. But Ali was as skeptical as the spectators, and he stood over Liston in disbelief. He waved him up with his gloved hand and snarled at him repeatedly, "Get up, you bum! No one will believe this!"

Walcott made some desperate effort to wave the wild-eyed Ali to a neutral corner while trying to keep a count going. He looked with desperation at the timekeeper, whose job it was to count the seconds by the clock, but the timekeeper was an aged citizen, and he was every bit as flustered as Walcott.

Liston rolled over like a beached whale, keeping his eyes on Ali all the while. Ali was glowering over Liston. Liston was looking sheepishly up at him but not getting up. Walcott was doing a comic head-wagging bit, looking to the timekeeper, to Ali, to Liston and back. Nothing much was being resolved, and Liston looked like he was down for the month when out of the press section came a voice of authority.

A small, thin man, aged but clear of voice, strode forward and announced to Walcott, "The fight is over! Liston is out! Ali wins!"

The man was the late, redoubtable Nat Fleischer of *The Ring* magazine, the boxing historian and beloved old man of fight journalism. I respectfully submit that he was in somewhat less than an authoritative position and had no say-so, but both the timekeeper and Walcott were so relieved to see an end to their immediate problem that they gratefully concurred.

To recap, Liston, desperate to put a good one on Ali, overextended his long jab. Ali, bouncing off the ropes, threw a short right over the jab, which momentarily stunned Liston, and he fell down, but not out. Ali stood over him. Walcott could not control Ali. Stop there. The count should not have continued until Ali went to a neutral corner. He

never did go to a neutral corner. The fight was stopped by a non-official. The fight should have continued. Liston could have gotten up, but didn't. Why...?

A few years later Liston petitioned the California Boxing Commission to reinstate his license. Now he is being questioned in the commissioner's office in Oakland.

A commissioner: "Mr. Liston, have you ever heard the word fix used in connection with a fight?"

"No."

"Have you heard the words tank job?"

"No."

"In the water?"

"No."

"Take a dive?"

"Oh... you mean the Lewiston fight. Yeah, I can tell you what happened there. Ali knocked me down with a sharp punch. I was down but not hurt, but I looked up and saw Ali standing over me. Now there is no way to get up from the canvas that you are not exposed to a great shot. Ali is waiting to hit me, the ref can't control him. I have to put one knee and one glove on the canvas to get up."

At this point Liston gets out of his chair and demonstrates. The spectators lean forward, the commissioners lean forward. Ali are nodding in agreement with what Sonny is saying, and it is apparent that all the sympathy in the room is with Sonny and his plights, there on the floor, his chance of recovering his title slipping by as an incompetent ref wrestles with *Antila the Hun*. And now Liston gets to the punch line. It is as if he has been dreaming about this for years and has defined what happened to him in one sentence that clarifies and excoriates him from all responsibility for that awful, shameful, emasculating moment when he went from Liston the Terrible to Liston the Dog. Eyes narrowed, he leans forward and says in a confidential semwhisper: "You know Ali is a nut. You can tell what a normal man is going to do, but you can't tell what a nut is going to do, and Ali is a nut!"

Sonny went on to a tragic death in Las Vegas, which was truly sad, because in the end you had to like old Sonny, with his surly, menacing look and his sweet, intelligent wife by his side, guiding him, taming his wilder impulses and making Sonny almost seem human. I hated to see him go out that way.

The venerable Moe Fleischer says he is approaching 75, but he doesn't say from which side. He has a heart condition, but he is alive today because Chris Dundee rescued him from the killing boredom of retirement and put him back to work in boxing. He is an oldtime cornerman, which means that he still has a gentle touch and a loving way of sending preliminary kids out to mammoth beatings. But mostly, like the other dinosaurs in the Fifth Street Gym, he dwells with rapture on the old days of the Depression, when boxing was a haven for the hungry. Fleischer swears this story is true:

There has been an injury in training, and Boston Promoter Eddie Mack desperately needs a heavyweight to fill in the next night's card. He calls Sam Aaronson, who runs a bustling gym in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn.

"Sam, you gotta help me," says Eddie Mack. "Send me up a heavyweight. Anybody. Please."

continued

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FIGHT DOCTOR continued

"Eddie, how good an opponent you got?" asks Sam.
"Just a guy. Not bad, a banger. Can't take a punch and got no heart."

"All right," says Sam. "I got a great-looking kid. Jewish. Weighs 200 after training today and he's ready. Fourteen straight knockouts."

Silence on the Boston end of the line. You must understand that in the 1930s having a Jewish heavyweight with 14 straight knockouts was like having an annuity for life. There were a million guys ready to fight, but very few white, Jewish heavyweights. Finally, Eddie regains his voice. "Sam, your kid with the 14 knockouts. Why would you send me this kid? What do you want, a mortgage on my gym for this kid?"

"Just five hundred and expenses."

"You got it. And, Sam, I promise I won't get your kid hurt. Put him on the train. I'll personally meet the train. And, Sam, I'll add a few bucks in gratitude."

There is a sellout crowd for the fight; word has gone out through Beantown that a great young Jewish heavy with 14 straight knockouts is going to fight Battling Bummer. And sure enough, the first round is all action and the young kid is killing his opponent. The second round starts with more of the same when the embattled Bummer swings from the floor and catches the Jewish heavyweight on the jaw. Down he goes. And slowly the crowd falls silent as the count goes

to 10 and there is no sign of life from the fallen warrior.

Next day a crestfallen Eddie Mack calls Sam Aaronson. "I sent the money down with the kid," he says.

"Good, good. So how did the fight go?"

"Well, Sam, the first round was dynamite. What a job that kid of yours has got. Nifty footwork, too. The first round, he was it big."

"Never mind the blow-by-blow. What happened?"

Eddie sighs. "I hate to tell you, Sam, but your kid gets knocked out in the second round. Jeez, I'm sorry about it, but . . ."

"Fifteen straight knockouts," says Sam and hangs up.

October 1974—A day or so after I had arrived in Zaire for the George Foreman fight, I saw Herbert Muhammad. He was sitting in a large wicker chair in the hotel lobby, dressed in a spotless white suit, holding an ornate ivory cane and listening respectfully to anyone who was allowed to approach him. He is a very quiet man, listening attentively before making a decision which is silently obeyed. He has divorced himself from the day-to-day hassles of the fight camp, but he is still responsible for the big decisions. His is the only voice that Ali listens to. And now, Herbert Muhammad introduces me to one of his personal physicians.

The man was a doctor from Chicago, gracious and pleasant, with a sort of apologetic, preoccupied air. But there

continued



- 1968
THE YEAR OF DON SCHOLLANDER

- 1972
THE YEAR OF MARK SPITZ

1976 THE YEAR OF KEYROLAN

in 1968, at Mexico, Don Schollander added new medals to his fantastic Tokyo triumphs.

In 1972, Munich crowned another great champion: Mark Spitz.

Montreal 1976 saw new champions setting new records - and this time they wore the new Arena "Relax", a warm-up made of Keyrolan.

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"Threes and eights to you, good buddy.
Get your GE ears, a handle,
and come on now."*



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***TRANSLATION:** **Threes**—warmest regards; **Eights**—love and kisses;
Ears—CB radio; **Handle**—CB nickname; **Come on**—go ahead and transmit.

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

Audio Electronics Products Department, Syracuse, N.Y.

was clearly something on his mind. Herbert Muhammad explained that the doctor had been treating his ailing father, Elijah Muhammad, and that he was in Africa strictly as a guest for the fight. He specified that this would in no way interfere with my duties and authority over the boxing part of Ali's life. But I knew that it wouldn't be that simple.

For one thing, the atmosphere was too heady for a visitor not used to a fight buildup. Before I arrived, the doctor had gradually taken over the medical duties of the camp. And now, caught up in the excitement, he gave me his startling news: Ali was suffering from a new affliction. Ali had hypoglycemia, low blood sugar. But never fear, the doctor said, he had a remedy.

Frankly, hypoglycemia is a catchall diagnosis, just like hypertension is used to describe various reasons for weakness. Ali had been getting tired in the last rounds of his past few fights, and now, in Africa, he was getting dizzy following his workouts and he complained of feeling tired. The fact that he was in a tropical climate, training hard at midday and was well past 30 did not seem to occur to anybody. But I knew—and Angelo knew—that left alone Ali would adjust slowly to the condition and be fully recharged by the time the bell rang.

I knew that the less a doctor does to a fighter, the better. Overtraining serves to psych the fighter into thinking he is carrying an extra burden into the ring. Angelo never permits the word tired to be used in a corner; I feel the word sick should be banned from the camp.

And now for the remedy. The Chicago doctor told me that he had ordered the camp cook to bake a huge apple cobbler and pour pure honey all over the top of it. This deep-dish delicacy would be fed to Ali one hour before fight time. The prevailing thought was that it would "put gas in Ali's tank."

I was amazed. But I had to be discreet. Courteously, I explained that I was sure it wouldn't work because we were dealing with a man who was about to have his midsection pummeled by a leveling force greater than the H-bomb, namely George Foreman. To feed this goopy mess to Ali one hour before the fight would be dangerous. The doctor listened to my argument and agreed. But he countered by proposing sugar-saturated orange juice. The dilemma was maddening for me, I had to respect a man

who was trying to do his best. I accepted the bottle of sugared juice and we put it into the corner water bucket for the fight. But Angelo handles the water bottle, and we agreed to ignore the juice. As it turned out, we didn't need it.

When we got back to the States, I waited for Ali to come to Miami to train. I called Herbert and told him my plan: because Ali would not go to a doctor's office for a physical, I would handle everything at the Fifth Street Gym. All Herbert and Ali's wife Belinda had to guarantee was that Ali not eat anything at all in the morning before coming to the gym.

It was boiling hot in Miami and Ali worked a furious two-hour session. When he finished, I trapped him in his dressing cubicle. I drew a large sample of blood from his arm and got a urine sample. I rushed them over to the lab and did a complete analysis. Just as I had suspected: no hypoglycemia. I phoned the news to Belinda and Herbert Muhammad and they were both very happy. Our next stop was Kuala Lumpur and the case was now closed, I thought. I was wrong.

At the camp the same stories were circulating about low blood sugar. By now Herbert's doctor had really caught the fight-camp fever. Again, we compromised on the sugared orange juice. Again, we didn't use it. The next stop was Manila and Joe Frazier.

And, sure enough, an hour or so before the fight, I walked into Ali's dressing room—just in time, as it turned out: there was a huge pastry box full of heavy, rich napoleons, cream confections and an assortment of frosted danish pastry. The hypoglycemia theory dies hard. I solved the crisis quickly. I ate most of the cakes myself, chewing and swallowing as fast as I could, and fed the rest to one of Ali's rotund bodyguards.

The sweet end to the story is that the visiting doctor is gone now and no longer accompanies us on fight trips.

A character I'll call Tampa Red was a medium-sized man with an absolute fascination for pro wrestling. He was so fascinated, in fact, that he hobbled as a wrestling referee. But it wasn't enough, he wanted to be a wrestler himself, and that was that.

One night he became transported as he told me that the highlight of his life had come while refereeing a recent match where he had been picked up and bodily

hurled out of the ring. "I flew through the air," he said, "and I landed in the third row on top of three Italian guys who were eating hero sandwiches and drinking beer. They picked me right back up and threw me back into the ring. I came to in the hospital with a concussion, and the next day the newspaper had it on page one. What a night!"

As it happens, one of my house guests at the time was a brilliant heart surgeon. He also had a sly sense of humor, so he and I set out to work up a way for Tampa Red to become a wrestler.

Working up a program of drugs to add weight and size to his frame seemed impractical at Red's age. There would have to be an unusual gimmick instead, some sort of crowd-catcher. We were fairly stumped when my friend came up with his idea. It seemed perfect: the doctor was part of a group studying experimental surgical techniques at the local V.A. hospital. One of the systems under study involved injecting a special dye into the body. It turned inside tissues a bright green; that is, all except the tumor tissue, so that, presumably, surgery would be greatly simplified. There was one small drawback that had stumped researchers: the dye also turned skin, eyeballs, fingernails and teeth bright green, and the effect lasted for about six weeks. When we told Tampa Red about it, he became wildly excited.

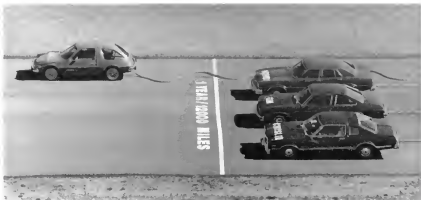
"You mean you can turn me green? And I'll stay green for six weeks? Wow! I can bill myself as the Jolly Green Giant. It's perfect." He left my house a happy man, and when he returned the next night he had a contract to wrestle in Texas, providing that what he had told them was true. He was now ready for his first green fix.

About this time we realized that the gag had gone far enough and we reluctantly told Tampa Red that we had been kidding. The drug was unproven, we said, and it might possibly have unpleasant side effects. Such as death. But Red didn't blink. "Get me a lawyer," he said. "I'll sign a paper absolving you of any fault if anything happens to me."

"Not that easy," we told him. "You can sign your life away because you don't know any better. But we're doctors and we do know better, so we can't do it."

"All right. I'll steal the drug and you guys will be innocent," he said.

The argument went on into the night until it became clear that he was about



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All Light Bulbs	YES	NO	YES	NO
Hoses and Belts	YES	NO	NO	NO
Mufflers	YES	NO	NO	YES
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Services Provided Free

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to try a few wrestling holds on us. We teamed up, seized him and threw him out of the house. He threatened never to speak to us again, and we felt badly about it for a few days. But then we read in the paper that he had suffered a fractured clavicle after being thrown out of another ring, and we both felt an awful lot better about it.

For years Ali has had serious problems with his hands. They are sensitive to the pounding that he subjects them to in intensive training and while fighting. Hitting the heavy bag made them very sore, and soon he developed a bursitis of the knuckles and at times a tendinitis. There is no solution to sore hands but rest—and Ali simply couldn't rest his hands. The next-best remedy was obvious. We would numb his hands and let him punch to his heart's delight.

The Oscar Bonavena fight in the Garden on Dec. 7, 1970 was the first time I took my syringes into a dressing room and used them before a fight. With a dentist-sized capsule of Novocain, I deadened Ali's knuckles so that he could punch with impunity. He knocked out Bonavena in the 15th round of an extremely hard fight. His hands held up, but they were very sore. Thereafter I became indispensable around the fight camp and, at the same time, had a great deal of difficulty with various people in the camp, including Ali himself.

The most important bout of Ali's career was coming up: the first Joe Frazier fight. Again, the plan was to deaden Ali's tender hands. Ali did not particularly like the arrangement—he hates needles and shots—but he understood that if he was to punch with authority, he could not afford to worry about his hands. Herbert Muhammad also was not happy with the plan, but he yielded to the logic of it. We could not postpone the fight. Frazier would come on like a tank. Ali would need his two hands to punch without regard to pain. I deadened the knuckles again—and it worked again. Unfortunately, Frazier knocked Ali down in the 15th and won the fight.

Afterward, Ali visited a doctor in the Pennsylvania hills near his Deer Lake camp. The doctor dragged out the old country remedy of soaking the hands in warm paraffin to relieve soreness. And if it didn't exactly help, it certainly couldn't hurt; the fact was that Ali's hands were gradually improving with rest. A later vis-

it to a Boston hand surgeon served to confirm my diagnosis and prognosis.

When we came to the second Frazier fight in January of 1974, Herbert Muhammad began to question me about the effect of the injections. I explained that they only numbed the knuckles so that Ali could hit hard, and that the shots would not affect the speed or accuracy of his punches. Herbert seemed convinced, but a few days later he was still skeptical. I told him that the sooner Ali did without the shots, the better—because the less a doctor does for a fighter, the better. However, Frazier was a different matter; fighting Frazier required strong hands and, while Ali's hands were gradually getting better, they were not that well. Herbert nodded inconclusively again. It is important to note here that in all my previous dealings with Ali, the question of the color of his skin had never come up.

When it came time for the fight, I got my needles ready and Ali called me into his dressing cubicle.

"Doc, you know I trust you, but . . . well," His voice trailed off. "But, well . . . the boys in Chicago, uh . . ."

"Ali, you know you need this shot to fight Frazier," I said. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"Well," he said, "the boys from Chicago say that nobody knows what stuff it is you are putting into my hands. You don't get paid for this, see, so they say that maybe someone could buy you off and get you to shoot some dope into my hands. Look, I trust you, Doc. But they say, how can you trust a white man that don't get paid . . ." He looked bleakly down at his boxing shoes.

"Well, the hell with it, then," I said. "Don't put anything into your hands. You're the one who has to fight Frazier. Let them numb your hands."

"No, no," he said. "No, you can do it, Doc. But they want you to use their stuff . . ." He held up a small, unlabeled vial of fluid.

"Hell, no, pal," I said. "Either I put what I know is good and fresh into your hands or nothing. I am not about to inject anything into your hands that I'm not sure of, especially from people I don't know. Forget it, or do it yourself."

Ali saw that I was really steaming and he thought about it for a moment and then shrugged. "Doc," he said, "you go on ahead and do it your way."

The fight was tough and hard, with

Ali hitting as hard as he could. After the decision in his favor was announced, he leaned over and panted in my ear, "Couldn't have done it without you, Doc."

Back home, I reflected on the bizarre situation. The fact that I worked for free in boxing had somehow marked me as suspect. No matter that I had a long unblemished record in boxing medicine or that I had had more experience than any ring doctor in history. Or that I had worked with nine different world champions, not just Ali, and had never charged a fee. The fact that I had never been wrong in my medical judgments with Ali, that I had backed him in his exile years, and had worked to help him on the way back to the title, did not seem to count. What did count was that I was white and working for free, therefore automatically suspect. I did not feel that the people who counted, Herbert Muhammad and Ali, felt that way. But nonetheless, there it was. In order to be trustworthy I must charge a fee. Presumably, the bigger my fee, the more trustworthy I would be. After struggling with the situation, I submitted an enormous bill.

My phone rang a few days later, and it was Promoter Bob Arum, who was then handling the paymaster chores. He was laughing. "Guess what?" he said. "You can't figure boxing people. Herbert saw your bill and said it wasn't enough. He is authorizing me to add some more on."

The case of the sore hands came up only one more time. We were in Zaire for the Foreman fight, and Ali suggested a sort of compromise. What if I only deadened his left hand; after all, he planned to use it more than the right. I proposed an even better plan. His hands were getting better, I said, particularly since he had stopped using the heavy bag in training. The only problem left, I felt, was the main knuckle on his right hand and, if he liked, I could deaden only that one. We quietly considered it, Ali and I alone, and finally he decided to go without any shots at all. What he was really wistful about, it turned out, was that I hadn't let him eat the big apple cobbler.

Since that fight in Africa, I have been paid for my ministrations to Ali, although I have never submitted another bill. I leave it up to Herbert Muhammad. Let's face it, I would have been perfectly glad to pay him for the honor of working with the greatest fighter who ever lived. **END**



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Yesterday

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

A FALL GUY BECAME A HERO BY SAILING A BALLOON AROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER

In 1901, two years before the Wright brothers made the first heavier-than-air powered flight, Henry Deutsch de la Meurthe of the French Aero Club made an offer that everyone seemed likely to refuse. One hundred thousand francs would go to the first man to fly from the club at St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back in 30 minutes. No one in this era of balloons and gliders had ever flown over a closed course within a time limit, and only one man seemed capable of trying the wind-swept, seven-mile circuit. That man accepted the challenge.

Albino Santos-Dumont, the son of the wealthiest planter in Brazil, had built and flown the first gasoline-powered airship three years earlier. The dapper little fellow, who always sported a straw hat and often a bright new suit, was a popular figure in Paris, as much admired for his gracious good humor and lack of pretension as for his courage.

His craft was a cigar-shaped, 110-foot Japanese-silk balloon with a 60-foot wooden keel strung beneath it. The keel had a wicker basket in the front, a motor in the center and a propeller at the rear. In the air, the ship was as fragile as a soap bubble.

On the morning of July 13, Santos-Dumont lifted off for an attempt at the prize. He sailed smoothly downwind for 15 minutes and circled the Eiffel Tower without incident, but on the return leg the motor failed and gusting head winds sent the ship careening across the Bois de Boulogne. Unable to regain control, Santos-Dumont ripped the silk, sending the balloon plummeting earthward.

His horrified friends at St. Cloud raced across the Seine to the scene of the wreck, the vast estate of the Baron de Rothschild. They found the basket perched high in an enormous chestnut tree. Santos-Dumont was still in it, lurching from a package that a thoughtful neighbor of the Baron's had sent up. His friends called to him, anxiously inquiring if they could offer any assistance. "Yes," he re-

plied. "I should like to have a glass of beer."

Unfortunately for Santos-Dumont, his first flight was a picnic compared to his second attempt three weeks later. The great crowd gathered at the Eiffel Tower felt that he was assured of victory as he circled the midway point only nine minutes after leaving the Aero Club. They were mistaken. Within seconds of rounding the tower, the balloon developed a hydrogen leak from a faulty gas-release valve, causing the sack to crumple and suspension wires to entangle in the propeller. The entire contraption collapsed and hurtled toward the rooftops of Paris. As it disappeared beneath the skyline, the balloon exploded.

The spectators who rushed to Rue Henri Martin were astounded to find Santos-Dumont in perfect health—at least for the moment. He was 100 feet in the air, precariously perched on the damaged keel, which was wedged between two buildings. As the crowd held its breath, he leaped to a tiny barred window; from there, a fireman's rope pulled him to safety. Deutsch offered to award the prize on the spot if Santos-Dumont would promise to give up, but the airman began work on a new ship that night.

By now Santos-Dumont was an international sensation—the prototype Evel Knievel. His miraculous escapes earned him the nickname Santos-Dismont. Young men copied his bushy mustache and Panama hat, and a correspondent for *The New York Times* cabled home that "his ballooning experiments seem to have transformed half the nation into amateur aeronauts." When Santos-Dumont made his third ascent, on Oct. 19, the Aero Club grounds and the Paris streets were mobbed. As he floated overhead, resplendent in checked knickerbockers, men raised their derby hats on canes and women waved their scarves.

The flight proceeded unevenly until Santos-Dumont was within sight of St. Cloud on the return leg. Then the motor sputtered and died. Suspended above the packed stands of the Auteuil racecourse, he tightened his way along the keel, adjusted the carburetor and restarted the engine. Safely back in the basket, he feverishly shifted ballast and worked his guide rope to compensate for the treacherous wind. He crossed the finish line with 30 seconds to spare, then glided grandly around the field

in history's first airborne victory lap.

After Santos-Dumont landed, the cheering crowd pelted him with flowers. But one problem remained; although Santos-Dumont was safely on the ground, the disposition of the prize was still up in the air. While Deutsch would have been delighted to part with his money, the Aero Club judges withheld it, contending that the pilot had not touched land within the time limit. Santos-Dumont was bitter, saying that he had intended to divide the prize between his mechanics and the poor people of Paris. After weeks of public protests, including an attempt by beggars to stone the club's facilities, the judges reversed their decision, and the money was awarded.

Santos-Dumont continued to delight his admirers with dramatic stunts in the ensuing years. During one exhibition, his motor caught fire, and he beat out the flames with his straw hat. Smiling down at the crowd, he waved one white-gloved hand, lifted the soot-covered Panama and serenely flew on. That same summer he parked a 40-foot dirigible on the Champs Elysées in front of his apartment, while he stepped inside "to take a small cup of coffee."

Inspired by the Wright brothers' accomplishments at Kitty Hawk in 1903, Santos-Dumont built a T-shaped, single-engine airplane that resembled a collection of box totes. The machine's lift and balance characteristics were tested by having a progress-minded jackass pull it into the air. In 1906 this plane made the first heavier-than-air flight in Europe, but it was cursed with a serious design flaw—it flew tail first. When a similar model flipped Santos-Dumont on his head, he limped back to the drawing board. Subsequent projects included a seaplane that skipped along the Seine like a water bug and a model helicopter that failed to produce anything more than a draft in the hangar.

Santos-Dumont also developed the graceful Dragonfly, a light, inexpensive monoplane he envisioned as aviation's answer to the Model T Ford. It was quickly outmoded by faster aircraft, and in 1909 he withdrew to his country estate. There would be no more prizes, only memories of the daredevil aeronautics and heart-stopping falls. Flight would become commonplace, partly because Santos-Dumont had been willing to experience all the danger and glory of aviation's beginning.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

By David K. Lewis

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

Sir THE SPIRITS LEFT STRAIGHTLY AFTER THE 1976-77 season. I have set a new speed record. The day after Oct. 25, *Pro Basketball* Issue appeared we New Yorkers lost the incomparable Dr. J to the Philadelphia 76ers.

JEFF TORDEN
New York City

Sir The Doctor signed for \$15 million. If you want to pay me like that I'll send you an SS1000 now.

JIM CARROLL
Milwaukee

Sir Not since Harry Frazee sold Babe Ruth to help finance his theatrical interests has an act so darkened the American sports scene as the sale of Dr. J to Philadelphia. Six Oct. 25 covers vividly remind us that pro athletes today are mercenaries available to the millionaire with the biggest bankroll. The players are not really in blame for this, our avaricious system is.

THOMAS E. HILTON
Brooklyn

Sir The Doctor and Nets Owner Roy Blicke will each be making \$3 million from the deal with Philadelphia, so don't shed any tears for them. Weep instead for the Nets players and fans. We thought that this was the year that would bring an NBA championship to Long Island, but with the sale of Dr. J our dreams have been destroyed.

WARRIS A. CUTHEN
Seaford, N.Y.

Sir The real culprit is neither Roy Blicke nor Julius Erving, who are businessmen first. It is the NBA itself that should be criticized. By not stepping in to support Blicke and require Erving to honor his contract, the league has, in effect, invalidated the contracts of other superstars, who are now at liberty to insist that their clubs renegotiate their contracts or trade them.

The great businessmen in the league ought to realize that this is not a moral issue but one that threatens business stability.

ALAN FREEMAN
Port Washington, N.Y.

BEST OF THE REST

Sir Congratulations to Curry, Kirkpatrick on his excellent preview of the 1976-77 NBA season (*A Season for All Men* Oct. 25). As a Denver native and charter ABA fan, I was shocked to find upon moving to Phoenix that

people really don't know about Bobby Jones, Ron Boone, Billy Knight and the rest of the incoming ABA stars. Kirkpatrick's report has shed some light on these fine athletes, and their ability on the court will take care of the rest. Dave Cowens will be surprised by the "Ice Man," George Gervin.

KARR JOHNSON
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir Curry, Kirkpatrick, said it best when he quoted Jerry West: "Denver could win it all."

JIM H. CULLEY
Aurora, Colo.

Sir I hope the crowds around the old circuit will adopt the four new franchises as readily as SI has. And thanks for the Allan Mardon illustrations. Ever since the story on Albert King (*Lineup: Rise of a Brooklyn Star*, Aug. 26) I have been looking forward to seeing more of his work. Your art director, Richard Gangel, must be a genius to consistently come up with such exciting artwork.

CHUCK LEE
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sir Thanks for picking the Warriors to stay on top in the Pacific Division. But how dare you portray Rick Barry (page 40) with a receding hairline when everyone knows by now that he sports a full head of hair, via a hair weave. Does this mean that you might someday show Humble Howard without his toupee?

PETER SCHNEIDER
San Mateo, Calif.

Sir Let's set one thing straight. It doesn't matter if Artis Gilmore, the ABA's best center is better than towering Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, because the best center in basketball happens to have red hair, wear a green and white uniform and be on the best team in the NBA—the Boston Celtics.

MATT LUGER
Dudley, Mass.

Sir I think you failed to give proper credit to the performance of the Cleveland Cavaliers in their playoff series against Washington. Cleveland outplayed the Bullets head-to-head during the regular season, and it was the team's tenacious defense, not a "slide" by the Bullets, that shut off the vaunted Washington fast break in the playoffs.

As for the Cavaliers being "less talented than Washington, I am sure that K. C. Jones could tell you which was the superior team.

KEVIN PHILLIPS
Atlanta

SEEDING RED

Sir I ended with distress. *Don Jenkins' preview* of the Dallas-Ft. Worth game (*Can the Cowboys Catch the Football?* Oct. 25). Jenkins failed to mention that the recently lampriced Cardinal defense—sacked Roger Staubach four times. If Jenkins had studied earlier Cardinal games as well as he studied the Cowboys' previous games, he would have noted that this was the finest offensive and defensive effort by the Big Red this year, not just a case of Dallas errors. It's a shame Jenkins cannot admit that the Cardinals are one of the better teams in the NFL. They have won the Eastern Division title over the Cowboys the last two years, and that was not because the Cowboys wore their unflucky blue jerseys.

JERRY BROTHROCK
Belleville, Ill.

Sir If Dan Jenkins wants to talk about "its" how about including the Cardinals? If Mel Gray had not stepped out of bounds after receiving a Jim Hart pass, he would have had clear sailing for a touchdown. If Ike Harris had not dropped a pass in the first half after having beaten the defender, the Cards would have had another six points. And if Hart had not thrown two interceptions in or near the end zone, there would have been still more points for the Cardinals.

The Cowboys were outplayed and outwitted by the Cardinals 21-17.

FRANK T. DELLERIO
St. Louis

WITH GUSTO

Sir Congratulations on the terrific article in *University of Wyoming football* (*Nelson's Heard a Discouraging Word* Oct. 25). John Underwood captured the spirit of the state's intubility and their devotion to Cowboy football. It is interesting to note that despite the "Black 14" incident, the seven years of drought, etc., two graduates of the 1975 team (2-9) were first-round NFL picks. Lawrence Gaines (Detroit) and Aaron Kyle (Dallas). Tristram of all is that we who have been residents of Wyoming and graduates of U of W will always cherish the experience.

PATRICIA DUBROW
Webster City, Iowa

HOT CORNER

Sir Have you noted the fact that 1976 was the Year of the Third Baseman? How often has it happened that players at one position (especially infielders) have won both major league batting titles and both home-run

crosses, as did George Brett, Bill Madlock, Graig Nettles and Mike Schmidt? What is ironic is that perhaps the game's best overall third baseman, Pete Rose of the Reds, is not on this select list.

WILLIAM BINDUP
Ann Arbor, Mich.

TRIVIA

Sir

I don't know how many people have noticed this, but the Yankees' victory over the Royals in the American League playoff marked the first time since the current playoff system was established in 1969 that the team that won the second game of the playoff went on to lose the pennant.

MARK A. BRISLEY
Lexington, Ky.

BALLOONING INTEREST

Sir

John Nuelson's article *Ditching the Dream* (Oct. 25) really opened the door to the sport of ballooning. For the first time I read of the complexities of ballooning, as well as of the knowledge required of one attempting a major balloon flight. As far as I'm concerned, Ed Yost made a gallant effort, and Gil gave him the attention he deserved.

EDWARD W. HOLLEMAN
Santa Clara, Calif.

AMERICANIZED KARATE

Sir

In reference to your article *Dangerous Delusion* (Oct. 18), I would like to make a couple of comments. I agree that if a student should involve himself with an "Americanized" form of karate, chances are that he will be less able to defend himself than before. It is correct to assume that the Oriental methods are fairly inept when it comes to defense. But the pragmatic attitude of the better American instructors has made it possible for karate to be used as an effective self-defense tool, and in a much shorter time than Richard W. Johnson might expect.

Consequently, I believe there is a point in taking up karate solely for purposes of self-defense. Most people who stay with their lessons for more than a year stay for other reasons, but they should definitely be able to defend themselves after studying at a qualified Americanized school for that period of time. Americanized in this sense means that many of the illogical, irrational and superfluous movements of the traditional Oriental styles of karate have been deleted in favor of fighting techniques that will work in our society in 1976.

Let me suggest that those interested in self-defense search out a good Americanized school so that they may learn realistic techniques and at the same time develop their own American philosophy regarding karate.

JOE CORLEY
Player Representative
World Professional Karate Commission
Atlanta
Continued

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19TH HOLE continued

NOMINATIONS

Sir,
I am not particularly a fan of gymnastics, but I was amazed and enchanted by the excellence displayed by Nadia Comaneci of Romania in her beautiful and artistic gymnastics routines in Montreal. I nominate her for Sportsman of the Year.

JOHN E. BURLEY JR.
Rahway, N.J.

Sir,
I nominate Dorothy Hamill
DICK BARNINGHAM
Vernon, Conn.

Sir,
The only natural choice for Sportsman of the Year is Bruce Jenner

DAVID E. OELLERICH
Menroe, Ohio

Sir,
Olympic cross-country skier Bill Koch. He did more for sports, America and the world than any of us yet realizes.

KYLE KNIGHT
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sir,
John Naber
EDDIE SHARLEY
Central Islip, N.Y.

Sir,
The U.S. Olympic boxing team
MARK LIPPERT
Omaha

Sir,
Chris Evert
G. RUSSELL TAPPAN
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir,
Jerry Pate
JOHN LEHMAN
Palo, Ill.

Sir,
Ray Floyd.
CARL HOFFMAN
Cedarburg, Wis.

Sir,
Larry O'Brien
CHRIS KNIGHT
Toledo

ASK A SILLY QUESTION ...

Sir,
In the recent article *Regulated to the Bench*, Sportsweek (Sept. 27) Edwin Newman mentioned a game in which sportswriters ask a question about a subject other than sport and then answer it with a sports cliché. Allow me to offer a few possibilities.

BASEBALL Q: What did Little Bo Peep say when she was asked how she got her sheep back?

A: I call them as I see them.

Q: How did the guilty husband return to his house after a night on the town?

A: He stole home.

Q: How does a box constructor wrap out a sponge?

A: He puts on a squeeze play.

continued

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19TH HOLE

Q How did the puppeteer get the puppet to move his leg?

A He really pulled the string on that one.

Q Why is that child eating his ice cream over the table?

A He can't get it over the plate.

Q What happened to Icarus' wing?

A He lost it in the sun.

FOOTBALL Q Why is that farmer on the tractor so happy?

A He has good field position.

Q What took the carpenter so long to put a hole in a piece of wood?

A He used a two-minute drill.

Q What does a woman demand to make her clothes?

A A down-and-out pattern.

Q Why is that actor shouting "Hamlet"?

A He is calling the play.

TENNIS Q How did you capture that butterfly?

A He rushed the net.

Q What distinguishes a good waiter from a bad one?

A He's got a great first serve.

BASKETBALL Q Why would Santa Claus have been a good basketball player?

A He is a master of the old give and go.

BOXING Q What is that woman doing in the swimming pool with a loom?

A She is bobbing and weaving.

GOLF Q What caused the clematis to fracture his girl friend's skull as he dragged her home to his cave?

A He overclubbed.

CHRISTOPHER'S UNDERBILT
Lancaster Pa.

Sir

Here is one overheard prior to the opening of a lithography exhibit in Victorian England.

Q We've been able to have the English printers set up in the Great Hall and have put the Germans in the old dining room. But what about the Irish?

A The Celtics will press in the backcourt.

SAUL MURKIN

Brookline, N.C.

Sir

Q What did the construction workers do when they discovered after completing a new motor transport garage that they had forgotten to leave a door?

A They opened up a hole big enough to drive a truck through.

Q What do you call a dimes held over 1" at 10,000 feet?

A A high fly ball.

WILLIAM B. J. OWEN

Boston, Wis.

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